

Nation's Business

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN

FEBRUARY 1953

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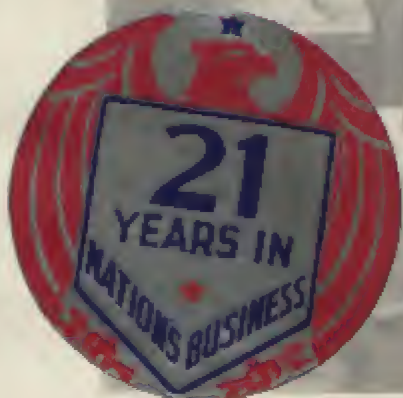
What labor leaders want—AND WHY

BY LEO WOLMAN

Prescription for parking ills

BY HENRY K. EVANS

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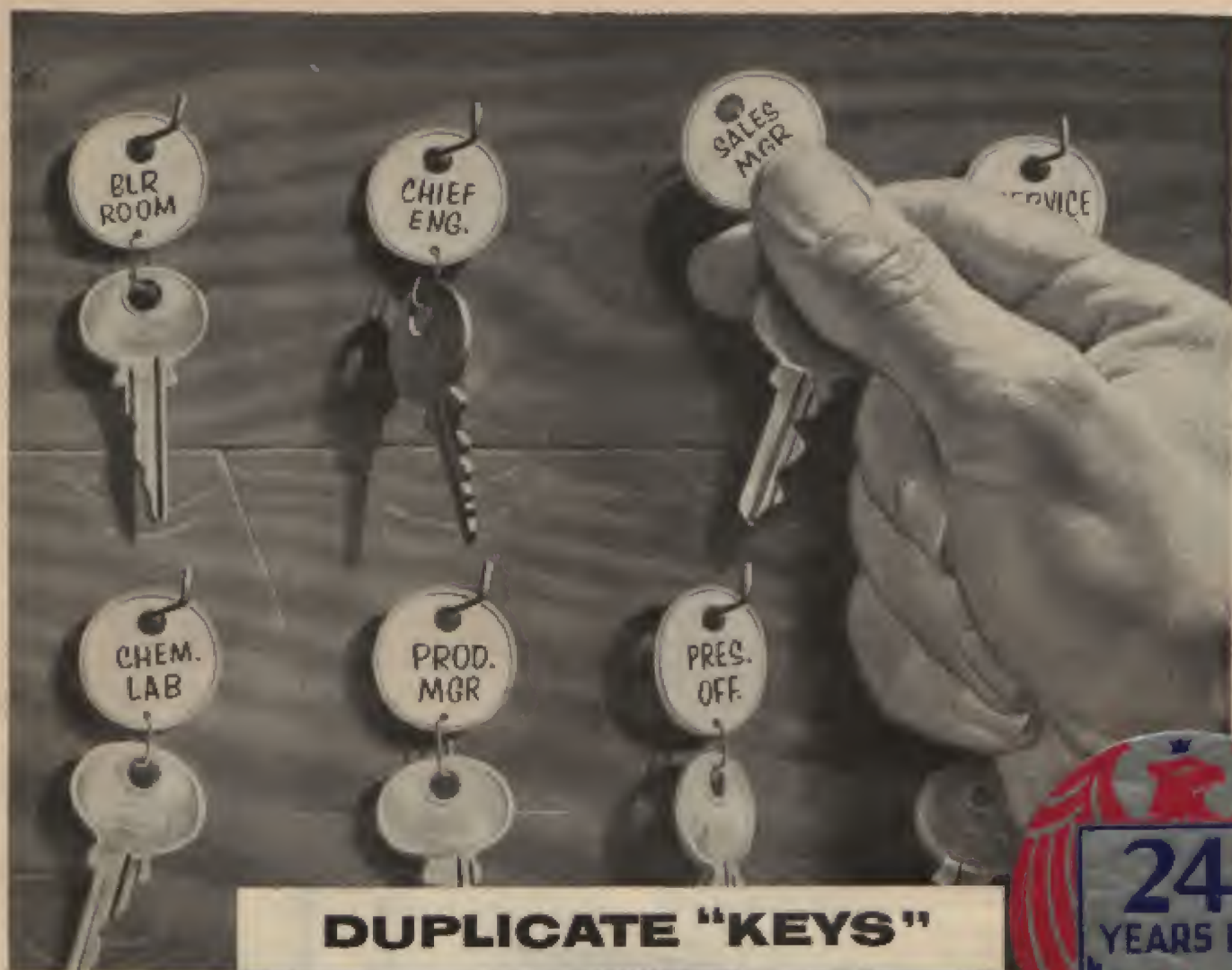
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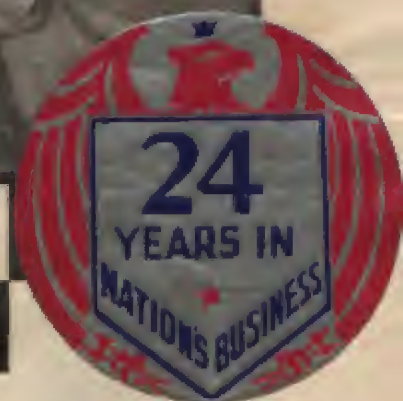


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HERE is an example of what can happen to a company when one of its key executives dies.

For many years, a small corporation on the West Coast carried on a steady business in the manufacture of precision instruments for industrial use. There were several key-men in the company whose ability and experience kept it running on a profitable basis: the chief engineer, the production manager and a few others.

About two years ago the sales manager died unexpectedly—and the company suffered not only his personal loss, but a financial loss as well.

Because with all the skill and "know-how" of the men *inside* the plant, it had been the sales manager's personal contacts with customers and prospects that had kept the orders flowing and production moving.

Immediately, the company was faced with a serious problem. To try to break in an inexperienced man was out of the question, because it would take too long.

Yet, by the time they found a seasoned man who "knew his way around" in their own particular field, they had already lost some important orders they had counted on. With the time it took to find him and the time it took him to "take over," it was several months before the business was back on a sound and paying basis.

To guard against losses such as this, many companies—corporations, partnerships and sole proprietorships—are taking out Key-Man Insurance with New York Life.

This type of insurance guarantees ready cash to continue salaries, pay dividends and meet outstanding obligations in case of a key-man's death. And it makes it possible to bid for a competent successor and absorb losses until a "duplicate" key-man can be found and business returns to normal.

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World-famous electrical engineer; one of America's outstanding inventors; has obtained more than 300 U. S. patents; recipient of international medals, awards, honors; noted pioneer in radio, television, electric ship propulsion, railroad electrification; consulting engineer for General Electric Company.



CHARLES EARL DAVY

Director of Engineering Operations and member of the Engineering Board of Chrysler Corporation; associated with advanced engineering designs and procurement of vital material; prominent in World War II aircraft and tank engine programs; identified with top industry projects for more than thirty years.



WILLIAM C. EDDY, CAPTAIN USN (RET.)

Famed pioneer in all branches of television engineering; holder of numerous audio-visual patents; instrumental in building the Navy's World War II radar training program; cartoonist and author; respected leader in research and development projects; President and active head of Television Associates, Inc.

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nation's business

PUBLISHED BY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

FEBRUARY 1953 VOL. 41 NO. 2

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As the official magazine of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States this publication carries notices and articles in regard to the Chamber's activities; in all other respects the Chamber cannot be responsible for the contents thereof or for the opinions of writers.

Nation's Business is published monthly at 1615 H St. N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Subscription price \$18 for three years. Printed in U. S. A.

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

IN THE EARLY 1800's Rembrandt Peale placed a coal-filled iron retort in a furnace and, refining the resulting gas in a pan of water, lighted a lamp so convincingly that Baltimore gave him a contract to lay pipelines and illuminate the streets.



Today, Peale's flickering flame has grown into an industry which is reaching toward a \$15,000,000,000 investment. This year's construction expenditures are expected to total \$1,500,000,000. Because gas now is taken from nature's own retorts, part of this money will go for "Christmas trees" like that JAMES BINGHAM has painted on the cover. The installation is in Texas. Mr. Bingham used Cities Service photos by Fritz Henle to check his painting for accuracy.

This complication of valves and gauges helps regulate the pressure from reservoirs deep in the earth so that an even flow can be released into the pipelines that carry the fuel from wells in 22 states to users everywhere.

The story of gas begins nearly 3,000 years ago when Chinese in the Szechwan basin transported it in bamboo pipelines to boil brine to make salt. Japan and Italy also found early uses for the fuel. London lighted streets with gas in 1807—Napoleon dubbed the idea "*une grande folie*"—but nature's gas did not come into use until 1821 when a well 27 feet deep was dug at Fredonia, N. Y.

Capping the pressure on that well—an ancestor of the "Christmas tree"—was a large tin barrel.

Piped through hollow cedar logs to Fredonia where it was used for lighting, gas from that well was the first to be used commercially in this country.

In 1870, ambitious promoters spent \$1,500,000 on a pipeline of white pine logs by which they hoped to transport natural gas from West Bloomfield to Rochester, N. Y., 25 miles away.

That line failed, but another, five and one half miles long, built in Pennsylvania two years later, succeeded.

The golden age of gas did not dawn until the 1920's when improvements in pipe-making made long transmission lines possible. World War II speeded the laying of pipelines. Now the industry plans hundreds of thousands more miles



Put YOURSELF in his shoes

If you worked on the assembly line...or in the cafeteria...you'd want flooring far different from the flooring in your office.

And, because there is such a wide difference in floors...even in floors that look alike...it's important that you match each floor to the job it must do...and specify the one floor that will give the most service for the least cost.

The man best qualified to help you choose from the countless materials and products available is the Kentile Flooring Contractor. You, your architect or builder will find it pays to consult him. If you don't know his name and address, look under FLOORS in the classified directory...or write: Contract Dept., Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

You can save time, work and money by getting the right answers to these questions:

What are the big differences between the various type of resilient floors?

How can the right flooring increase production...reduce accidents in the factory areas?

Which floors resist greases and oils most effectively...for the longest time?

How can Kentile "quality" provide important economies in new construction...re-modeling?

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of lines to reach vital industries everywhere—and new finds are increasing the reserves so tremendously that sales in the next ten years could double—or triple—without fear of a shortage.

OIL and gas are found together. In years past, gas was burned off in order to get the oil. Thanks to pipelines and the "Christmas tree" such waste is no longer necessary.

Perhaps the most essential natural resource to the motor age, oil increases in importance with each war scare. Twenty-five countries produce oil commercially. Yet the U. S. has produced nearly 65 per cent of the world's total.

The need to search constantly for new pools drives men into lonely wastelands, even into the sea, and one drilling can cost as much as \$500,000. Seven out of eight wildcat tries fail.

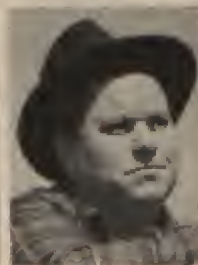
JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS, author of "The Big Rig," lives in Fort Worth. He chose a particular well to describe the work of the tough but humble men who look for black gold.

Their work is dangerous. A Midland, Texas, photographer, Frank Miller, went along with the writer to take some pictures to illustrate the story. The photographer squinted up through the towering derrick before starting up the metal ladder with his camera. A derrick man followed. "I'd hold onto the sides of the ladder, friend," he told the photographer. "Them rungs come out..."

Mr. Miller, then nearly 90 feet up, halted for several minutes before he moved again. Then he took his pictures and came inching down.

COUNTRY music is big business. There's no doubt about that, when some of the stars earn as much as

\$300,000 a year, ride in big cars, swim in their own pools and wear \$75 boots. People all over the world are fans of this brand of American music.



In the beginning, performers made mountain music for fun. Their pay, if any, often was the dimes and nickels tossed into a hat at a Saturday night shindig. Then came the Grand Ole Opry, which has broadcast from Nashville, Tenn., every Saturday night since 1925, when the era of country music began.

RUFUS JARMAN, who wrote "Country Music Goes to Town,"

was born on a farm in Rutherford County, Tenn., 40 miles from Nashville. The farm was a lonely place.

At the age when other farm youngsters were turning to the guitar or the zither for pastime, young Rufus was turning to books. It was then that he resolved to become a newspaperman.

After serving on several southern journals he went to New York and became a top magazine writer. His first book, "A Bed For the Night," about hotels, was published last year.

HAVE you ever been so bothered and nervous that you wanted to chuck everything and skip off somewhere?



That's what one businessman did, and his adventures are told in this month's short story by **GLADYS TABER**, "A Short Leave of Absence."

Mrs. Taber has written on subjects ranging from spaniels and cats to her Connecticut farm, Stillmeadow. For pastime, she refinishes old furniture, collects milkglass and attends country auctions.

"BY the time I had finished research on the article 'It's a Privilege, Senator,'" **ALFRED TOOMBS** writes, "I had a new insight into how hard the average senator must work and what tough working conditions he encounters.

"It's not all patronage and steam baths."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Toombs comments, free aspirin seems little enough, considering the headaches a senator gets from reading the large volume of mail from constituents.

Mr. Toombs first asked senators' employees about the privileges of being a senator. They wouldn't talk.

Then he asked the senators themselves, and they opened up. Some senators, in fact, are willing to dispense with some of their privileges, and every now and then one of them introduces a resolution or makes a speech denouncing free haircuts.

Mr. Toombs, when not dashing around Washington for magazine material, is privileged to live on a busy three-acre farm at Colton's Point, Md., where he keeps geese, goats, turkeys, and works on books. Already two have been published and there's another on the way.

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Payments for sickness start after the tenth day of disability following physician's sickness included except venereal disease and alcoholism, even heart disease, cancer and hernia arising after first year's membership being covered.

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Confining Total Disability, 52 weeks	\$25 a week	\$50 a week
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The firing aisle of Upjohn's ultramodern steam plant. This plant supplies steam, cleanly and efficiently, at only 40¢ to 42¢ per 1,000 lbs. for the Portage Road Plant near Kalamazoo, Michigan. There are

no dust or smoke nuisances, thanks to the dust-collecting and cinder re-injection system. Ash handling is fully automatic. These 3 boilers, plus a fourth recently installed (not illustrated), deliver up to 115,000 lbs. steam per hour at peak load.

Whether you're building a new plant or modernizing an older one, you can count on coal for dependability and low-cost operation.

Here's why: Up-to-date coal-burning equipment can give you 10% to 40% more steam per dollar. Automatic coal- and ash-handling systems can cut your labor cost to a minimum. Let a consulting engineer show you how a modern coal installation, tailored for your specific needs, can save you real money.


Here's something else, too—of all fuels, coal alone has virtually inexhaustible resources. This, plus the fact that America's highly mechanized coal industry is the most efficient in the world, assures you of a dependable supply of coal at relatively stable prices now and for years to come.

If you operate a steam plant, you can't afford to ignore these facts!

- COAL** in most places is today's lowest-cost fuel.
- COAL** resources in America are adequate for all needs—for hundreds of years to come.
- COAL** production in the U.S.A. is highly mechanized and by far the most efficient in the world.
- COAL** prices will therefore remain the most stable of all fuels.
- COAL** is the safest fuel to store and use.
- COAL** is the fuel that industry counts on more and more—for with modern combustion and handling equipment, the inherent advantages of well-prepared coal net even bigger savings.

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► **CUT THROUGH** all current debate, argument and you'll see tax cuts coming this year.

That's assuming no serious change in world power politics, no letup in pressure for lower government spending.

First comes overhaul of Truman-directed budget. It's tough job. Faces tough fight against needs, desires built in over many years.

Biggest cuts must come in appropriation proposals labeled defense or defense-related.

That's because all but \$10,300,000,000 of new Administration's inherited \$78,-800,000,000 budget is so labeled, or covers such irreducible items as interest on the public debt.

Budget overhaul will take time, involve long hearings.

Next comes matching of budget total to income. That should be easier.

Federal income from taxes probably will be higher than anticipated—because of unexpectedly high payrolls, corporate profits.

Some corporations, all individuals, will get lower tax bills this year, according to present temper of Congress.

Here's probable path—

Excess profits tax will be allowed to die June 30, its scheduled expiration date. So corporations in this bracket will be relieved of half a year's application.

But Republicans won't let corporation taxes drop while individual income taxes remain unchanged.

So Congress will adopt bill sponsored by Daniel A. Reed, House Ways and Means Committee chairman. You'll remember that individual rates were advanced 11 per cent after Korea. That advance expires, under present law, Dec. 31.

Reed plan is to move up expiration date to June 30—thus giving individual taxpayers the equivalent of a 5% per cent cut on the full-year basis.

Note: Representative Reed advocates complete rewrite of federal tax law, but won't make much headway with it this year.

► **EXHAUSTIVE HEARINGS** on Taft-Hartley law open early this month.

Initiative on changing labor law has passed from Senate to House.

Busy with new duties, new responsibil-

ities, Senator Taft exerts somewhat less drive on labor matters.

On the House side Samuel K. McConnell, Jr., the new Labor Committee chairman, pushes for action on changes.

His desire: A "simple" labor law. Something that can be printed on a card, carried in a pocket.

His hope: Labor, management will exhaust their energies in long hearings, leave natural opening for simple law to substitute for Taft-Hartley.

His chance: Slight. Experts say a simple law on so complex a subject is impossible.

► **IF PRESIDENT** really wants stand-by wage-price control law he'll get it.

That's feeling in Congress, that it's up to him.

Most talked of is "dead stand-by"—means a law on the books ready for instant application but without organization to administer it—unless and until it is invoked.

Supporters of stroke-of-the-pen type of stand-by say it would avoid long wrangle (while prices for hours and goods may move up) in event of national emergency.

Opponents say it would be threat over business, that uncertainty created by it might slow expansion, investment.

Another point of debate: Should President or Congress have trigger power?

► **WAIT AND SEE**—that slows Government's work.

Decisions are put off, jobs left unfilled, some contracts unsigned while the old order (on the working staff level) waits for the new to get acquainted with its work, make the decisions.

Attitude may be partly responsible for failure of defense expenditures to reach scheduled \$5,000,000,000 per month level by last year's end.

Final figures show December expenditures for military services, foreign aid, were \$4,485,000,000. For military services alone total was \$3,973,000,000.

► **RESEARCH WILL GET NEW** emphasis and impetus under Agriculture Secretary Ezra T. Benson.

Onetime livestock farmer, later marketing specialist, Benson will con-

centrate on ways to help farmers help themselves.

Fertility of that field is indicated in study made by Claude I. Hummel, Federal Reserve Bank agriculture specialist. He finds that in past 15 years—

U. S. farm output has increased by about 40 per cent.

Farm employment has diminished by 1,000,000 persons (same period).

Acreage of 52 major crops is essentially same as 15 years ago.

What made vastly increased production possible? Research (public and private) that brought doubled yield of potatoes, 50 per cent rise in corn yield, a third more eggs from the average hen, 20 per cent more milk from cows, other production improvements.

These figures prove what can be done, but agriculturists aren't happy with the outlook.

Improvements in past 15 years are results of research completed years ago.

Meanwhile process of finding still newer techniques, methods has not been maintained at similar rate—the research shelf is getting bare.

Problem is to keep farm production abreast of rapidly rising population, ever-tightening supply of farm labor.

Another point: Output must be matched to current needs, which have tendency to change quickly.

Example: There's strong demand at present for top grades of meat—grades that represent only about 10 per cent of the animal.

Which brings high prices for top quality, but lower prices, bigger marketing problems on the other 90 per cent.

► RESEARCH CREATES new markets—and hurts some old ones.

Tallow sells at about a nickel a pound compared with 27 cents—before detergents cut into the soap market.

Hides bring less than half their high of two years ago—meanwhile use of synthetics for soles has been rising.

Wool is feeling pressure from synthetic fibers—and so are other natural fibers.

What to do about that? More research. That's answer of meat men—who make their profits on by-products.

Armour recently opened new laboratory. Swift is expanding its research. So is the American Meat Institute Foundation.

► DO YOU UNDERSTAND the American competitive enterprise system?

U. S. Chamber thinks more businessmen should, that there should be more effective, articulate spokesmen for a free market economy.

Zealots eager for change usually study all sides of issues involved to point of glibness on any facet, make a business promoting their view of economics.

Chamber's point: Study of economics as a method of analysis would qualify business, professional men to understand, state convincingly the important implications of economics in public issues.

To promote such study—preferably in groups—U. S. Chamber is issuing series of 17 pamphlets under general title: "The American Competitive Enterprise Economy."

Project is not economics sugar-coated. It's think stuff, under preparation in Chamber's Economic Research Department for more than a year. It's for the intelligent, interested layman.

Pamphlet subjects are: "The Mystery of Money," "Control of the Money Supply," "Money, Income and Jobs," "The National Income and its Distribution," "Progress and Prosperity," "Sustaining Prosperity," "Demand, Supply and Prices," "Prices, Profits and Wages," "Why the Businessman?"

"How Competitive is the American Economy?", "Understanding the Economic System and its Functions," "Spending and Taxing," "Taxing, Spending and Debt Management," "Labor and the American Economy," "Individual and Group Security," "International Trade, Investment and Commercial Policy," and "The Ethics of Capitalism."

Booklets are 50 cents per single copy. From two to 25 copies, 40 cents each. Complete set of 17, \$6.

Send your order direct to Economic Research Department, Chamber of Commerce of the U. S., Washington 6, D. C.

► AMERICA'S BILLION dollar synthetic rubber plant seems headed for the bargain basement.

Government has been a poor merchant—it's held on too held.

For years there's been talk—but no action—on selling war-built (industry operated) facilities for making rubber to private owners.

Steady increase of know-how, spreading

washington letter

use of man-made rubber (plus skyrocketing price of natural after Korea) brought better selling outlook—and more talk about it from Government.

Reconstruction Finance Corporation started another study aimed at selling synthetic rubber plants this year.

But now John Collyer, president of Goodrich, discloses development of a new, cheaper, faster method of making GR-S, principal synthetic rubber.

New method is 50 times faster than that now in use in Government-owned plants, requires far less investment.

Switch to new method in old plants may not be practical, since equipment involved differs extensively.

Which indicates market for Government-owned plants weakens.

"I wouldn't say the market's gone," observes a Goodrich spokesman, "but I'd say anyone would look twice at the deal now before he bought."

Goodrich has plans for plant to utilize new method, but no starting date.

"We want to know if the Government's going to sell its plants, and at what prices," says a Goodrich official.

"It's simply a matter of economics with us. We can't invest our stockholders' money until we have some idea of what the competitive picture will be."

Note: Don't confuse new Goodrich method with recent German development in man-made rubber.

Germans have come up with rubber U. S. scientists say is so good that tires made of it could outlast an automobile.

But its cost makes its use prohibitive—as is usual with new developments.

► **THERE'S TREND** in department stores to center on single line of heavy electrical appliances.

Stems in part from spread of discount houses, in part to avoid big markdowns on model changes in half a dozen lines.

Here's deal from store operators' viewpoint: We'll push your line exclusively, stock no others, if you will see to it that, 1. it is kept out of discount houses and, 2. suggested prices are maintained throughout our area.

Proposition gives manufacturer "prestige" outlets, gives store advantage of much lower stocks, turnover up to a dozen times a year.

Will department stores make money on the deal?

"No," replies one merchant who's trying it. "We just hope to lose less."

He's found that 34 per cent markup on heavy appliances doesn't cover cost of handling, space, selling, overhead—and a profit.

Note: Same pattern has been followed in television in some stores—with same result.

► **HERE'S EXPERTS' VIEW** of steel outlook—basic in nearly all lines:

Production will drop from 100 per cent sometime in third quarter to about 85 per cent by year's end.

But these figures distort the true situation unless you also keep these in mind:

Capacity at the start of this year was 117,500,000 ingot tons.

By year's end it will be 123,000,000 tons.

So the drop—if it comes—would leave greater unused capacity than the percentage figures indicate.

Note: Steel men base production figures on capacity at the start of the year.

► **BRIEFS:** Floyd B. Odum, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft board chairman, says half the cost of planes built in this country goes back to the Treasury in taxes. . . . U. S. paper consumption is 390 pounds per person annually. That's three times consumption in Great Britain, next in line. . . . Radio Corporation of America is building a television, record-player producing plant in Spain. . . . American Stock Exchange (formerly New York Curb) lists securities valued at \$18,000,000,000. . . . Consumers' price index comes out on new scale this month—with 1947-49 as base, in place of 1935-39. Means index will drop from about 190 to around 110. . . . U. S. Office of Education says nation is short 325,000 classrooms, that it would take "a phenomenal effort on the part of the states and cities to bring the school plant to a satisfactory condition by 1960." . . . There's a new customer born every 13 seconds. . . . United Air Lines has been measuring its hostesses, comparing the figures with those of 10 years ago. Changes: Height, up from 5 feet 3½ inches to 5 feet 4½; bust, 34 inches compared with 33, hips—unchanged at 33.

CALL ON ADVERTISER

Date 1/6/52

Bring up

Firm Pitney-Bowes

Saw Mr. Fred Bowes

Address Stamford, Conn.

Position Mr. PR and Adv.

Product Postage Meters

Agency Handling Account

DIGEST OF YOUR CALL:

Fred Bowes said "after first 9 months, Nation's Business is far ahead of all mass and semi-mass media on their list for cost per inquiry. Only one small business magazine is near this in cost." From PIB the list includes: Saturday Evening Post, Time, New Yorker, Fortune Business Week and Nation's Business. The "small" business magazine mentioned is Dun's Review. Fred said to refer anyone to him and he'd verify his statement.

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT

Bob Van Boven
REPRESENTATIVE

ADD NAME NOTED

☐ Send Magazine

☐ Send Promotion

☐ Correct Record as Shown

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with STAMPS?

- And licking and sticking? Keeping them in a stamp box? Running out of postage? Frequent trips to the post office? Not getting a DM?



Model postage meter, the right amount of postage directly on the meter. Postmark at the time of your own advertisement if you prefer for sealing. Handles parcel post. A DM. Just dial the amount you need, and press down. The meter can be set for as much as you want to buy, protects postage from loss, damage, theft... Automatically accounts for postage... Saves time and effort in mailing - and usually postage.

- Call nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration. Or send the coupon.

FREE: Handy wall chart of new Postal Rates for all classes of mail, complete with changes, and parcel post map showing zones for any locality.



PITNEY-BOWES

Postage
Meter

Offices in 93 cities
in U.S. and Canada

PITNEY-BOWES, Inc.
1525 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.

Please send free ☐ booklet, ☐ wall chart to:

Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____

If I hadn't worn a vest all these years I just couldn't have kept going; I am a devotee of the pocket watch and I like to carry around a flock of pencils, a pen or two and bits of paper on which I have written down notes, telephone numbers and addresses; these soon become illegible but I cling to them. As for thumb hooking, I find that without it I can almost never win an argument.

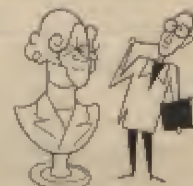
The useful trouser cuff

SOMEBODY was saying or writing that one use for the cuff on trousers is that it catches an occasional dime. You couldn't throw a dime into a cuff if you tried, unless you were Houdini or one of his successors, but I have had that very thing happen to me without trying. I pick up pebbles, too, or so my wife says after she has examined a suit



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entirely the same. I was an opponent in the 1852 campaign, who received only 42 out of 296 electoral votes—Gen. Winfield Scott. His



Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, is another man not forgotten; nor is his minister to Great Britain, James Buchanan; nor a commodore named Perry who that same year was sent out to open up Japan—which he did. But Franklin Pierce (I knew the name all right but had to look up the date) is—possibly next to Millard Fillmore—the most obscure of all our Presidents. Perhaps that fact entitles him to distinction; it is something of an achievement to be a President and still not become famous.

Square dancing in Malaya

SOME young dancers from the island of Bali did well in this country recently. This was unusual only because we were not used to dances from that particular island. We welcome and admire dancers, singers and artists from many lands. It is not often though, until recently, that American folk dances have gone abroad, as they are reported to have done in Singapore, where an American consular official's wife has made square dancing a craze

CALL ON AGENCY

Date WE 1/30/53

Bring up

Agency St. Georges and Keyes Saw Mr. Harry Kline
 Address New York Position AE
 Advertiser Alexander Hamilton Institute Product
 Address

DIGEST OF YOUR CALL: For fiscal year of 1952, which ran from November 1, 1951 to October 31, 1952, Harry says Nation's Business was again the best producer* on conversions at the lowest cost. For the six ads run, the average cost per course was \$50 below the required average critical of \$55, and Harry says this should come lower as the September and October insertions are just starting to sell.

	No. Courses Sold	Cost per Sale
November '51	57	\$38
January '52	75	28
March	28	82
April	14	146
September	40	52
October	40	52 (over)

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT

REPRESENTATIVE

ADD NAME NOTED ☐ Send Magazine ☐ Send Promotion ☐ Correct Record as Shown

Happy s

AS I WAS wondered at night I went to sl figured ou Rain on tl tain the r same effec of a water near) or tl is no rea should che they bring And I like others feel

Here to st

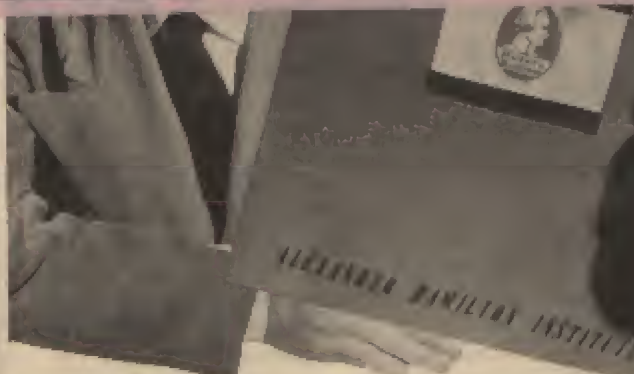
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The three-way movie

THE announcement of the three-dimensional movie takes me right back to the stereoscope, which was, in case nobody but myself is old enough to remember, a device for making photographs seem three



dimensional. I wasn't at the great Chicago fire—I hadn't been born and wasn't going to be for many years; I'm not Methuselah—but some of the stereographs I looked at in grandmother's stereoscope in Waterbury, Vt., almost made me feel I had been there. So if anybody hears somebody sounding homesick at some three-dimensional movie showing that will be I. I shall also be feeling sad because during a college vacation I once tried to sell stereoscopes and



IF he has the will to succeed, there is no reason why any man of normal intelligence should suffer the smart of failure.

"Forging Ahead in Business" tells you why!

This inspiring, 64-page book explains how you can bridge the gap between your present job and the one above—how you can prepare now to meet the challenge of future opportunities. It examines the popular fallacies about business that have stalled the progress of so many men, and points the way to new and exciting avenues of achievement. And it outlines the

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Please mail me, without cost, a copy of the 64-page book—
 "FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS"

Name
 Firm Name
 Business Address
 Position
 Home Address



WHY put up with STAMPS?

- And licking and sticking? Keeping them in a stamp box? Running out of denomination? Figuring out postage? Frequent trips to the post office? Not getting a DM?



Model postage meter, the right amount of postage directly on the meter, no postmark at the meter, no advertisement if meter for sealing handles parcel post. a DM. Just dial the meter, you need, and press down the meter can be set for as much as you want to buy, protects postage from loss, damage, theft... Automatically accounts for postage... Saves time and effort in mailing—and usually postage.

- Call nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration. Or send the coupon.

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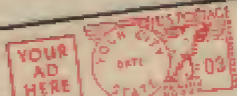
PITNEY-BOWES, Inc.
1323 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.

Please send free ☐ booklet, ☐ wall chart to:

Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____



R. S. Duffus

BY MY WAY



A word for the vest

A RENEWED effort is being made to bring back the vest. A man can have one, if he so wishes, in floral patterns and other designs, such as our grandfathers or great-grandfathers used to wear. But it seems to me that the real usefulness of the vest, which will prevent it from disappearing altogether and forever, is that it has pockets and that one can hook one's thumbs in it. If I hadn't worn a vest all these years I just couldn't have kept going; I am a devotee of the pocket watch and I like to carry around a flock of pencils, a pen or two and bits of paper on which I have written down notes, telephone numbers and addresses; these soon become illegible but I cling to them. As for thumb hooking, I find that without it I can almost never win an argument.

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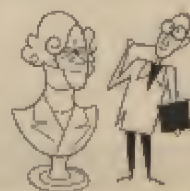


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have been short two peanuts and nothing to show for them.

F. Pierce, the unknown

ANY MAN who becomes President of the United States will have his name in the history books to the end of time, but not all will have their names in people's heads. Will any member of the class who recalls who was inaugurated in March, 1853, please raise his or her hand? Perhaps more of us would remember the name of his opponent in the 1852 campaign, who received only 42 out of 296 electoral votes—Gen. Winfield Scott. His



Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, is another man not forgotten; nor is his minister to Great Britain, James Buchanan; nor a commodore named Perry who that same year was sent out to open up Japan—which he did. But Franklin Pierce (I knew the name all right but had to look up the date) is—possibly next to Millard Fillmore—the most obscure of all our Presidents. Perhaps that fact entitles him to distinction; it is something of an achievement to be a President and still not become famous.

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that has spread throughout Malaya. I hope it does spread; it might make us more friends than a lot of arguing could do. In fact, if we all danced for each other, or sang, or made pictures and didn't argue so much this might be a happier world.

Happy sounds at night

AS I WAS dropping off to sleep I wondered why the sound of wind at night made me feel happy; I went to sleep too soon to get this figured out and I still don't know. Rain on the roof, when I am certain the roof won't leak, has the same effect, and so does the song of a waterfall (not too big, not too near) or the beating of surf. There is no reason why these things should cheer the heart but they do, they bring up pleasant memories. And I like them and suppose many others feel the same way.

Here to stay

IT IS REPORTED that London motorists attain an average speed of ten miles an hour and spend one third of their time standing still. But ten miles an hour is faster than most of us care to run and when a motorist's car is standing still the motorist can sit down, which pedestrians can't conveniently do. In spite of everything, I believe the horseless carriage is here to stay. I guess it will survive in London, too.

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THAN \$10,000 A YEAR
SHOULD READ
THIS FREE BOOKLET**



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"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS"

Name

Firm Name

Business Address

Position

Home Address

Don't let

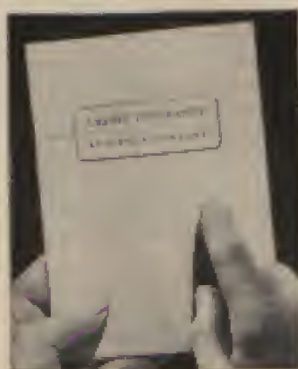
OVERCAUTION

stand in the way of

important sales



Many companies restrict volume because they fear too high a concentration of risk in one customer . . . or one industry . . . or one section of the country. Some companies go through periods of overcaution in passing credit when they have been threatened with or taken a serious credit loss. AMERICAN CREDIT INSURANCE wipes out such threats to sales, profits, working capital. The invoice value of your shipments becomes assured dollars—as good as “money in the bank.”



NEW BOOK tells 12 important ways AMERICAN CREDIT INSURANCE contributes to sound business management. We'd like to send you a copy. Phone our office in your city or write American Credit Indemnity Company of New York, First National Bank Building, Baltimore 2, Md. Just say, “Send me book offered in *Nation's Business*.”

Protect your **CAPITAL**
Insure your **RECEIVABLES**

American Credit Insurance



stereographs to ranchers in the Pajaro Valley in California, who didn't want any that year.

We aren't all restless

WE AMERICANS are a restless lot, always moving around and looking for a change. However, the man who sold me a pair of shoes yesterday had been working for the same company for 53 years. He seemed healthy in mind and body, knew shoes as a physician knows anatomy, was as cheerful as a cricket and hoped to go on working for some years longer. I didn't ask about his home life but I wouldn't be surprised if he had been married to the same good lady for at least 50 years and looked forward to going home to the supper she would have been cooking. But I must not digress. We Americans are a restless lot, etc.

Coronation robes and things

PRESIDENTIAL inaugurations in this country cost quite a lot, but they don't cost as much as British coronations. Our peers can get by with having their suits pressed and a good shoe shine, whereas British peers, in spite of the British Government doing all it can to save



them expense, have to have robes and things. On the other hand, we have an inauguration every four years, whereas a British monarch may reign more than 60 years—as Victoria did and as even staunch democrats will hope Elizabeth may. The British put on a more imposing show but we put our show on oftener. The way it adds up, I guess neither country need worry.

Saving the prairie hen

I AM GLAD to learn that the National Wildlife Federation has appointed a committee to save the prairie hen, or chicken, from extinction. The passenger pigeon and the heath hen, once numerous, are already gone, but some thousands of prairie hens were alive at the end of 1952. I hope the effort succeeds, though I have never seen or eaten a prairie hen. I hope the human race will learn, before too late, that though it can make supersonic planes, TV sets and maybe H-bombs it can't make

prairie hens or bring them back after they are all dead. We've got to learn our limitations or some day there may not even be a human race.

Other people's jobs

AS I SAT in the city railway station waiting for my commuting train to get under way I could see the railway mail clerks in a car on an adjoining track beginning their work. And immediately it seemed to me that it would be more fun to be a railway mail clerk than to be a commuter. Railway mail clerks



get paid for riding around, whereas a commuter is charged for the privilege. Railway mail clerks have a change of scenery if there is a window near where they stand. They are constantly being reminded, as they throw letters into bags, of strange and faraway places. At least I think they are. I also envy locomotive engineers, firemen (on oil burners), steamship captains and those carefully chosen men who are selected by their governments to carry valuable documents from one place to another on the surface of the earth. Within reason, I envy explorers. I would envy airplane pilots, and I do, in the sense of wishing I were capable of being one; but I don't actually aspire to that honor, because I have some consideration for the air-minded traveling public.

I suppose there are individuals in the world who would like to exchange jobs with me—and in fact what I am called upon to do is light and pleasant work. But there is a fascination about other men's occupations. I am always thinking they have a far more interesting time than I do.

Boys will be boys

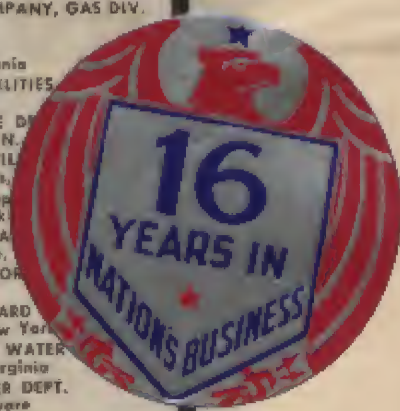
THE page boys in the two houses of Congress this session are mainly Republican rather than Democratic, for reasons I will not go into at this time. But I'll bet they are just as irreverent of the great men for whom they run errands as were their predecessors, and I'll also bet they are just as inclined to skylark in the corridors when nobody is looking.

THE MEMBERSHIP OF A DISTINGUISHED CLUB...

C. I. P. Century Club Now Has 43 Members

DEPT. OF WATER AND WATER SUPPLY
City of Albany, New York
ALEXANDRIA WATER COMPANY
Alexandria, Virginia
BUREAU OF WATER, DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS, Baltimore, Maryland
CONSOLIDATED GAS, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER CO., Baltimore, Md.
PUBLIC WORKS DEPT., WATER DIV.
Boston, Massachusetts
BOSTON CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.
Boston, Massachusetts
DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS, DIVISION OF WATER, Buffalo, New York
BOARD OF WATER COMMISSIONERS
Detroit, Michigan
FALL RIVER GAS WORKS COMPANY
Fall River, Massachusetts
CITY OF FREDERICK WATER DEPT.
Frederick, Maryland
GAS DEPARTMENT
City of Fredericksburg, Virginia
PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION
City of Halifax, N. S., Public Water Supply
THE HARTFORD GAS COMPANY
Hartford, Connecticut
MUNICIPAL WATER WORKS
Huntsville, Alabama
BUREAU OF WATER
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
LOUISVILLE GAS & ELECTRIC CO.
Louisville, Kentucky
CITY OF LYNCHBURG WATER DEPT.
Lynchburg, Virginia
MOBILE GAS SERVICE CORP.
Mobile, Alabama
MOBILE WATER WORKS COMPANY
Mobile, Alabama
WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT
City of Nashville, Tennessee
NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE, INC.
New Orleans, Louisiana

PUBLIC SERVICE ELECTRIC & GAS CO.
Newark, New Jersey
DEPT. OF WATER, GAS & ELECTRICITY
New York, New York
DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS, BUREAU OF WATER, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS CO.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
BUREAU OF WATER, DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
POTTSVILLE WATER COMPANY
Pottsville, Pennsylvania
PROVIDENCE GAS COMPANY
Providence, Rhode Island
QUEBEC POWER COMPANY, GAS DIV.
Quebec, Canada
BUREAU OF WATER
Reading, Pennsylvania
DEPT. OF PUBLIC UTILITIES
Richmond, Virginia
WATER & SEWERAGE DEPT.
City of Saint John, N. S.
DEPT. OF PUBLIC UTILITIES
DIVISION, St. Louis, Mo.
WATER DIVISION, Dept.
Syracuse, New York
THE CONSUMER'S GAS
TORONTO, Toronto, Ontario
DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS
Troy, New York
CITY OF UTICA, BOARD
SUPPLY, Utica, New York
CITY OF WHEELING WATER
Wheeling, West Virginia
WILMINGTON WATER DEPT.
Wilmington, Delaware
WATER DEPARTMENT
City of Winchester, Virginia
WATER DEPARTMENT
City of Winston Salem, N. C.
YORK WATER COMPANY
York, Pennsylvania
WATER DEPARTMENT
City of Zanesville, Ohio




The Cast Iron Pipe Century Club is probably the most unusual club in the world. Membership is limited to municipal, or privately-owned, water and gas supply systems having cast iron mains in service for a century or more.

In spite of the unique requirement for membership, the Club roster grows, year by year. And why not, when a survey sponsored by three water works associations, indicates that 96% of all 6-inch and larger cast iron water mains ever laid in 25 rep-

resentative cities are still in service. And when answers to a questionnaire, mailed to gas officials in 43 large cities, show that original cast iron mains are still in service in 29 of the cities.

If your records show a cast iron main in service, laid a century or more ago, the Club invites you to send for a handsome framed Certificate of Honorary Membership. Address Thomas F. Wolfe, Recording Secretary, Cast Iron Pipe Century Club, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago 3, Illinois.

CAST IRON PIPE

SERVES  FOR CENTURIES



GENERAL MOTORS
PRESENTS The Key Values
 For 1953 — Handsome
 examples of the engineering
 progress that makes the key
 to a General Motors car your
 key to greater value!



NOW ON DISPLAY AT CHEVROLET, PONTIAC,
 OLDSMOBILE, BUICK, CADILLAC DEALERS

OF NATION'S BUSINESS Trends



BY FELIX MORLEY

THE STATE OF THE NATION

SHORTLY before Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt resigned as an American delegate to the Assembly of the United Nations, she prodded its Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee, where she had long been an energetic member, into some potentially explosive action.

By a vote in which more than one third of the governments belonging to U.N. refused to participate, this S. H. and C. Committee approved a proposed international convention on political rights of women. This treaty, containing 11 articles, obligates all governments that ratify it to grant women both the right to vote and the right to be elected to public office on terms of absolute equality with men.

After approval by the sponsoring committee a U.N. treaty goes before the General Assembly for further consideration. If approved there, it is sent to the various member governments for ratification according to their individual constitutional procedures. The U.N. Assembly adopted the "equal rights" treaty, with some modification to meet criticism, just before it recessed.

• • •

Touching rather lightly on the subject of this treaty in her newspaper column, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote recently: "I never realized that something which I had thought of as simple, would take as long as we seem to be taking in arguing it."

Many Americans, of less prominence than Mrs. Roosevelt, also seem inclined to think that world government, decreed by the U.N. or some other central authority, is a "simple" matter. So it is worth while to consider some of the problems aroused by this pending convention on "women's rights." It is the easier to do so because there is in the United States no longer any tendency to deny the great service that women can render and are rendering in public service. The Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution says: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." Since this amendment was adopted, in 1920, equal suffrage has ceased to be a bone of contention here.

But that is not the case in all countries. In the Arab nations the participation of women in politics is still regarded as an improper activity. While that viewpoint may seem primitive to us, it does not follow that we should pressure the Arabs into accepting our more enlightened outlook. Certainly we would resent such pressure if the situation were reversed—if the Arabs should, for instance, urge us to sign a treaty giving every American male the right to have as many wives as he could support.

In some Latin American countries, also, the desirability of encouraging women to take political office is regarded as dubious. Whether this attitude is rational or irrational is not the point. The question is whether nations which have certain customs should say to others, with different

Trends

Many Americans agree. But they would certainly not approve an attempt by the Vatican, if it can be imagined, declaring a boycott of films featuring sex and gunplay.

So it was not surprising that the representatives of 14 governments, mostly Arab and Catholic, failed to indorse the convention giving all people "the right to equal access to public service." The issue was not simple to them.

Furthermore, it is questionable that anybody automatically possesses a "right" to be elected to public office. This honor is supposed to depend on qualifications having nothing to do with physical composition. It is not by accident that the part of our Constitution already quoted stops short with affirmation of the right to vote. It does not make the further, highly dubious, assumption that men and women are equally competent to hold any public office.

The Russians, who are themselves careful to exclude all women from the Kremlin high command, had fun with this part of the proposed international convention. They said it was not broad enough. They suggested that the convention should make clear that a Negro woman would be fully entitled to become President of the United States. They said the treaty should include the words "without discrimination on the grounds of color." These Russian needlers were overruled in the U.N. committee. But they helped to emphasize that the subject is not quite as simple as Mrs. Roosevelt says she thinks it is.

As a matter of fact, from the American viewpoint this seemingly innocuous treaty is full of dynamite. For it is not within the constitutional power of our federal Government to demand that women shall be elected "to public office" on terms of equality with men.

For instance, on the subject of the presidential electors, Article II of the Constitution says that each state shall appoint them "*in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct.*" Only the number allowed each state is regulated.

A treaty which specifies that all public offices in the United States should be open equally to men and women would violate this section of the Constitution. The State of Montana can, if it wants, declare that only women shall be chosen as presidential electors there. Another state could reserve this office for men, or, if it wants, for college graduates or for people with red hair. It is wholly a matter for the state legislature to decide.

This local autonomy holds for many public offices with far more practical importance than

customs, that they must conform. Many civilized foreigners think that the average Hollywood movie is demoralizing.

that of presidential elector. How teachers in the public schools shall be appointed is no business of the federal Government. If a county school board thinks that women make better kindergarten teachers than men, it can simply refuse to consider male applicants for those posts. Education, under our system of government, is a matter for local control—no business of the bureaucracy in Washington and still less a business for the United Nations.

The same applies to judicial appointments, in the state and municipal courts. If a community thinks a woman judge, or probation officer, would be better in handling juvenile delinquents, the locality can so decide. Neither the Supreme Court nor the United Nations is authorized to order an American city to open its local offices, appointive or elective, equally to men and women. And a treaty overriding this heritage of home rule could easily prove much more reactionary than progressive even from the feminist viewpoint.

Therefore the treaty supported by Mrs. Roosevelt, and urged by her in the name of the United States, is unlikely to be ratified by the Senate of the United States. It is not merely largely superfluous, so far as this country is concerned. It also is at variance with the whole theory of our government, which is that the mode of selecting local officials is a local matter. And this raises the larger question of whether it is desirable for American representatives at U.N. to urge other governments to sign and ratify treaties which we are not disposed to ratify ourselves. Viewed in this light, again, the question seems far less simple than Mrs. Roosevelt asserted.

This anomalous situation helps to explain why the leaders of the American Bar Association regard the Bricker Amendment, now receiving attentive consideration in Congress, as essential. That amendment would prevent the United States from accepting any obligation, by the device of "treaty law," which under our Constitution is none of the business of the federal Government.

In her little book on "The Treaty As An Instrument of Legislation," Judge Florence E. Allen says we must "educate public opinion in the United States to the importance of all treaties, from the standpoint of whether they encroach directly and substantially upon the domestic jurisdiction and thus exceed their proper scope."

Judge Allen has been elected to several important posts, including the Supreme Court of Ohio. She is now the only woman judge serving on the U. S. Court of Appeals. It is significant that she does not consider the attempted regimentation of local custom by international authority a matter which is too simple even to deserve discussion.



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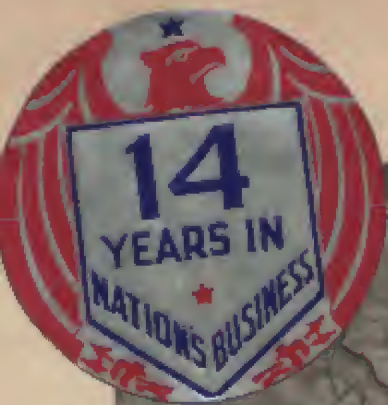
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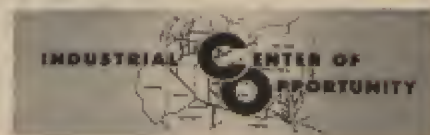


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BY EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

WASHINGTON MOOD

IT TAKES time to learn the ropes around the White House. President Eisenhower will be in the breaking-in phase for a while, and not too much should be expected of him in the way of action. Besides learning things from the career people around the White House, he probably will read a good deal about his predecessors. He will find such reading instructive, sometimes inspiring, and occasionally amusing.

Those who have made a study of the Presidency say that George Washington was an excellent administrator. They say also that we have had good Presidents who were not so hot as administrators. And they are able to point to some Presidents who hurt themselves and their reputations by trying to do too much.

The Chief Executive who had the strangest working hours was Chester Arthur, who followed the martyred Garfield into the White House. A widower who liked the Washington social whirl, President Arthur stepped out nearly every evening—to balls, weddings or debutante parties. He liked to entertain at the White House too, and had a reputation for keeping "a warm and cheery sideboard," loaded with chablis, claret, champagne, burgundy, and various liqueurs. A lover of horseflesh, he drove a magnificent pair of blooded bays, and was a frequent visitor to the races.

President Arthur usually had breakfast at 11 a.m. His real workday often began at midnight and lasted until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning.

President Eisenhower, like Harry Truman, keeps a farmer's hours. He gets to work early, has a tidy desk, and likes to talk to people who can tell him what is going on in the country and the world. Undoubtedly, he is one of the best-posted men ever to occupy the White House.

Ike's lieutenants have been trying to work out a system that will make the office of President less of a man-killer, and give him more time to think about matters of broad policy. They talked about their hopes in this respect during the transition period, when they were visiting the White House in the last weeks of the Truman Administration.

One of President Eisenhower's aides was talking to an outgoing Truman aide.

"I don't see," he said, "why the President should be bothered by so many details and have to see so many people. Why, for example, should he have to be bothered by labor disputes?"

"The answer is simple," replied the Truman assistant. "It's in the law."

He went on to explain that the Taft-Hartley Act and the Railway Labor Act provide that a dispute shall go to the President if mediation fails.

But even if this were not so, and nothing was said about it in the laws, the President would almost certainly have to take a hand in some labor disputes—a steel strike, say, or a railroad strike. He could hardly stay on the sidelines in a situation that threatened to paralyze the American economy.

The Presidency has changed a great deal since the days of Chester Arthur, and, for that matter, since the days of Herbert Hoover.

White House personnel has spilled over and now takes up all of the building across the street, the old State, War and Navy Building. As the name suggests, this building once housed three departments of the Government—State, War and Navy. Now it is not big enough to take care of the overflow from the White House.

• • •

This points up one of the ironies in the new administration. Probably no President has been more concerned about the problem of Big Government than is Ike, and yet one of his most pressing difficulties just now is a shortage of office space in the White House. His aides were shocked by the situation and have said that most state governors have far more space than does the President of the United States.

Until the time of Theodore Roosevelt, all of our Presidents had their offices in the White House proper—that is, in the old mansion that was built in 1800. T.R. put up the West Wing as an office building. William Howard Taft doubled its size, and all of our Presidents since then have used it.

Mr. Truman, in a tour of the West Wing, was upset when he found girl stenographers working in the cellar. He tried to build an addition to provide more office space, a cafeteria and an auditorium. The work was under way

OF NATION'S BUSINESS
Trends

when civic and patriotic societies made an outcry, and Congress canceled the appropriation.

Like so many structures in Washington, the West Wing of the White House is supposed to be "temporary." It was so described when Teddy Roosevelt had it put up. The idea was, apparently, that in time the White House grounds would be cleared of everything except the stately old mansion itself, and that an office building would be erected for the President outside the White House grounds.

This seems logical enough. However, it poses a problem too, and one that Ike's aides recognize. They feel that some of the aura around the Presidency would disappear if the President had to receive callers in a building away from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Nothing in the world is more difficult than trying to predict how a new President will make out in the White House. Much depends on the breaks. Mr. Hoover was certainly well equipped for the Presidency, but he had the misfortune to be in office when a depression came along. Mr. Truman certainly would have been more highly regarded if it had not been for Korea.

This much can be said for President Eisenhower at this stage of his administration. No man ever prepared for the job as thoroughly as he did between the election and inauguration.

I was assigned to "cover" Ike when he was in Augusta, Ga., after the election. His golf was way off. Perhaps that was inevitable when he discovered that Secret Service agents were trailing him even on the golf course. However, I got the impression that he couldn't shake off thoughts of the awesome job that awaited him in Washington.

Later on, I was assigned to cover Ike's headquarters in the Commodore Hotel in New York in the preinaugural days. He was one of the busiest men in the land, seeing a stream of visitors daily, choosing men to serve in his administration, and conferring with notables like Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

The problem that appeared to occupy Ike's thoughts more than anything else in the preinaugural phase was the reorganization of the Government. It can be put down as a certainty that he will bring about great changes in the executive branch, looking to greater efficiency at lower cost.

• • •

If Ike is to make good in this, however, he will have to have the help of the taxpayers.

John W. Snyder, former Secretary of the Treasury and one of the most conservative men ever to serve in Washington, was much in favor of cutting down the size of the Government. He concluded, however, that the people were not as much

concerned about the problem as they appeared to be. In making speeches, Mr. Snyder used to invite his audiences to put questions to him.

Inevitably, somebody would ask him this: "When are you going to fire some of those people who are overloading the government payroll?"

"I'm glad you asked that question," Mr. Snyder would reply. "The answer is, we will fire some of those people when you and other citizens tell your congressman that you don't want the services they are performing."

The task of cutting down the Government is not nearly as simple as it appears to be to many citizens. This is because they confuse the federal Government with private business.

Just before the change in administrations, the President's Advisory Committee on Management submitted a report to the White House. The chairman of the committee, Thomas A. Morgan, said that you could only go so far in applying business methods to the operation of the federal Government. He went on:

"The reasons for this lie not only in the size of the federal establishment, staggering as that is. For one thing, no other organization is called on to engage in such a diversity of undertakings all at once—rehabilitating mentally shattered veterans, teaching Indian children to draw, incarcerating hardened criminals, rescuing ships in distress at sea, manufacturing A-bombs, building airstrips in North Africa and weather stations in Greenland, blockading the coast of Korea, and fixing a ceiling price on hamburger. . . ."

"Again," Chairman Morgan said, "no other organization has to adapt itself to such violent swings in the main orientation of its goals within short spans of time. Heavy bodies change direction slowly. The full name of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company is a reminder that that company once focused on a much smaller objective than its present vast range of food processing and distribution operations; but it has had a half century or more to accommodate the adjustment. By contrast, within only the past two decades the federal Government has swung its main emphasis and energies successively from policies of disarmament, neutrality and prohibition enforcement to combating the depression, then to mobilization and full-scale fighting in World War II, next to reconversion, disarmament and foreign economic aid and most recently to remobilization, limited fighting, and the assembly and support of a worldwide network of foreign alliances. . . ."

The task is a difficult one, admittedly, but the field in which Ike expects to shine is that of the armed services. He is on record as saying that it is here that "the largest savings can be made." He told the voters who elected him that he could give them "security with solvency." The first to feel the economy ax, therefore, probably will be the Pentagon.

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WHAT

LABOR LEADERS WANT

AND

WHY

By **LEO WOLMAN**



*AFL Secretary-Treasurer
William F. Schnitzler*



AFL President George Meany

LABOR unions are not simple institutions. Nor are labor leaders simple, administrative officials. The typical union, which has come of age, is engaged in a great variety of activities. It organizes nonunion employees, runs its own newspapers, propagandizes and educates, carries on welfare and social activities, devises economic demands and bargains over them with employers, manages substantial funds, lobbies in the municipal, state and federal legislatures and executive offices, and, as things are in the United States today, plays an ever larger role in the country's politics, local and central.

As organizations which perform such complex functions, labor unions are of necessity a species of political machine, or, as they prefer to consider themselves, a species of government claiming extensive powers over their members. Conceiving unions in these terms, it follows that their officials who manage unions are a species of political leaders, acting and behaving like political leaders in other walks of life.

The process by which a union political machine is established and its leaders acquire their position and authority can be clearly observed and described in the rise of leading CIO unions since 1937. Unions like the steel and automobile workers—each now claiming substantially more than 1,000,000 members—started practically from scratch 15 years ago, spread rapidly throughout the plants they undertook to unionize, and became closely knit, unified organizations, under strong, central political control.

This evolution was not accomplished overnight. Since organizing commonly and necessarily begins locally, the first step in setting up a union consists in creating local unions and local political organizations. That is what happened in the early stages of organizing the automobile industry.

When in the course of an organizing campaign a plant is finally "captured," unionization promptly takes the form of selecting the officialdom in the shop and in the local union. This is the beginning of a local union's political organization. Presidents, secretaries, organizers and



*CIO President
Walter Reuther*



CIO Secretary-Treasurer, James Carey



David Beck,
Teamsters' President



International Typographical Union
President Woodruff Randolph

Pressures on the men who run unions force them constantly to invent or discover issues which lead to conflict

Allen Haywood,
Executive Vice-President, C.I.O.

shop stewards are chosen by ballot or appointment from the ranks of employes or from the outside. The jobs thus apportioned are not equally attractive or rewarding. But before long, many of the new office-holders stake out claims for their jobs, come to regard them as the source of permanent careers in the labor movement, and are prepared to fight to retain them.

All of this is, of course, accompanied by political activity which lays the foundation for the political machine and for union policy toward the employer. In fact, the two objectives are indistinguishable. For what the new union is attempting is to transfer the loyalty of employes from the management to itself. It is, therefore, constantly engaged in discovering or inventing issues which, when effectively exploited, will successfully separate the interests of employes from those of their employers.

In other words, the union is actively engaged in defining an inevitable and universal conflict of interest, since without this conflict there can be no lasting union organization. The union officials, therefore, constitute the personnel through which the transfer of loyalty is effected. They must be concerned constantly with perpetuating the idea of conflicting interest—much as the machinery of the political party out of power is busy collecting and advertising the alliances, policies, and blunders of the party in power.

What takes place at the local is later repeated at the national level. As unions succeed in organizing an increasing number of plants and regions, the demand soon becomes insistent for the creation of a national union, either to protect localities against lower standards of wages and working conditions elsewhere or simply to pool the resources of numerous separate and independent local unions. In the movement, strong and ambitious individuals take the initiative. They make it their business to build up the national union and to establish its ascendancy over the local organizations so that it becomes the dominant unit of government.

The achievement takes a lot of doing. It requires men of sure political instincts who possess the essential qualities—personal strength, the gift of public speaking, mixed with determination, and, perhaps, a degree of ruthlessness. Not everybody who wins such political leadership succeeds in holding on to it. For example, in the history of the automobile union, Walter Reuther is the third national president, following Martin and Thomas, neither of whom was able to last politically.

In the steelworkers, the course of events was different. But in that union the first president was

Phillip Murray, a man of immense prestige in the labor movement, well versed in the methods of labor politics, and aided by lieutenants, like Van Bittner, of almost equal experience and talent. As the record shows, however, in nearly all unions, leadership soon settles down and once achieved is retained by the same individuals for long periods—20 years or more.

The men who pass through this crucible of struggle and experience have their work cut out for them. They must guard against rivals, inside and outside the union. They must be constantly on the alert for means of enhancing their personal prestige. At the same time they must keep their ears to the ground to ensure that they do not get out of tune with popular currents of opinion and with the desires of their members. Like all political leaders they follow and lead at the same time, weighing carefully and shrewdly the risks they face in either case.

In the internal management of a union, the prime task of the leader is to strengthen and entrench the political machine which he heads. Unless he succeeds, his tenure is bound to be uncertain and short-lived. Once he acquires control, his chances of survival are greater than those of the leaders of other political machines because he has at his disposal patronage, command over considerable funds, and what amounts to a private press.

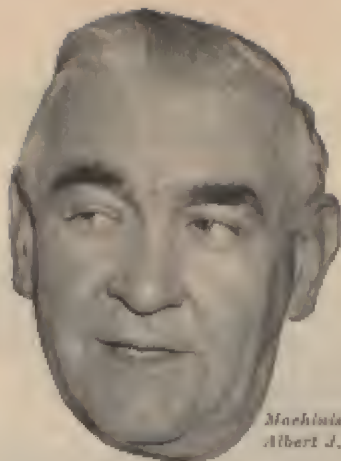
Even in the face of these signal advantages, leaders have been known to resort to extralegal measures to secure their hold on the machine. For many years John L. Lewis has kept several of the miners' district organizations in a state of "receivership," so that their officials are appointed by the national office of the United Mine Workers and consequently owe their positions to the union's national administration. Often, also, the national office will hesitate to accept the challenge of an insurgent local until it feels sure to win, as Mr. Reuther bided his time in reorganizing the Ford local, over which he was long eager to assert control.

Leadership, so conceived and so trained, soon acquires common characteristics in its attitudes toward the unions it leads, toward business, and toward the Government and the public. That is why what might be described as a norm of behavior is discernible among the enormous variety of individuals who are today the leaders of the American labor movement.

They are as much, if not more, a product of their jobs as of their original character. Much of what they do, many of them will often privately disclose, they do of necessity, because the survival of the



*Jacob S. Patofsky, President
Amalgamated Clothing Workers*



*Machinists' President
Albert J. Hayes*



*David Dubinsky, President
International Ladies Garment
Workers Union*



John L. Lewis, UMW



*Joseph Curran,
President, Maritime Union*



*George M. Harrison,
President, Railroad Clerks*



*Joseph A. Brine,
Telephone Workers President*

PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL,
WIDE WORLD ACME

institutions they run requires them to act in that way. And, almost without exception, labor leaders identify the security of their own position and power with the fortunes of the organizations they are managing.

These requirements of leadership, as union leaders see and practice them, help to explain, though they need not justify, much of what the heads of labor organizations do and aim to do. Since they identify their own interests and careers with those of their unions, most of them are deeply concerned with growth and prestige. Hence, during the past several decades when the opportunities for expansion have been exceptionally favorable and when considerable numbers of additional members could be gained by raiding the ranks of rival unions, organizations began to play fast and loose with traditional jurisdiction claims and long accepted standards of membership.

The ancient distinction between the craft and industrial, or the horizontal and vertical union, is rapidly disappearing. The leading unions of the AFL, the CIO, and the railroad unions overlap at many points in the plants, regions, industries, and occupations in which they seek to recruit new members. The most spectacular incident in this development was exemplified in the launching by the United Mine Workers, throughout its history a union composed exclusively of coal miners, of the famous District 50 empowered to organize workers everywhere, whatever their occupation or location.

Prestige and power acquired in this way cannot be had except at great cost to someone. The members of the AFL shop-craft unions, working on the Long Island Railroad, would not have abandoned an old affiliation and joined the CIO or District 50 unless they had been persuaded by the promises made to them that they would receive better service and greater gains from their new unions. In these promises, little account, if any, is taken of the capacity of the Long Island to absorb added costs of doing business.

Yet in the years of the expansion of American trade unionism, competitive promises of this nature have served as the basis of union policy and, in great measure, account for the multiplication of the subjects, or issues, which employers are required to negotiate about and incorporate into union agreements. It is not so long ago that bargaining about pensions was a rarity in labor relations. It is now common practice and no union leader could afford to leave it out of his kit of union demands.

Such competition in ideas, if that is what this process is, accompanied by (Continued on page 68)

New people,



*From now until 1960 our population
is expected to increase at
the rate of 2,000,000 annually.
How to meet this expansion
is a challenge that
virtually every community must face*

By LAURENCE GREENE

"DEMOGRAPHY" is a fairly uncommon word in the nomenclature of business. Many men have reached success as executives or conversationalists and never used it at all. Even now there is no need to add it to your vocabulary. But the man who ignores the science that it identifies may be jeopardizing his future.

Demography is "the statistical study of populations." Its practitioners are "demographers" and, at this moment, they have an important tale to tell.

Because we are not only a virile people but also highly unpredictable, the demographer's lot when he turns to prophecy is sometimes not a happy one. Many who practiced the art in the '30's can testify to this; because, when the black cloud of depression overhung us all, they borrowed of its gloomy aura, and the prophecies they made proved to be as wrong as house dice on Beale Street.

When the bottom dropped out of everything, great changes took place. Thousands who were married felt they could not afford children. Other thousands felt they could not even afford to marry.

new markets, new problems



ABNER GRABOFF

Such reactions to national want produced phrases to describe our plight: "America had passed its prime of life"; "we had reached a point of 'secular stagnation' and were in our 'economic maturity.'" Translated, this meant an excess of savings, too little investment and a paucity of employment opportunity. Or, to be blunt, national senility.

Predicting against this background, the demographers announced that population saturation was in sight; by 1960 the leveling off would be complete and the people would be preponderantly middle-aged.

Before going on to the chapter in which the roof falls in on the demographers, it is only fair to say they were betrayed by what they had been trained to believe, statistics. It was true that, from an annual population increase of 1,500,000 we dropped, in the '30's, to 900,000. It was also true that births were fewer than half the 3,700,000 we registered in 1947, the bumper-crop year for babies. And timidity was everywhere, not in the least degree lessened by the dire predictions of the soothsayers.

Then, early in the '40's, the revolution began. The birth rate went up and the death rate, because of such advancements as penicillin and the sulfa drugs, declined. Immigration took a spurt immediately after the outbreak of war abroad, and production for that war sent smoke through many disused factory chimneys. As the inevitability of our participation in World War II became apparent, prosperity came to many who had never known it.

The revolution continues. There seems no end to our growth. Census Bureau experts barely finish one set of projections before they must junk them and prepare another. How far we have come, and how far we are going, may be seen in the comparative figures—projections in the '30's vs. the population fact today.

Estimates in the mournful '30's were for a population of 157,000,000 for 1960, the "leveling-off" year. Actually, we reached that figure last July. The newest projections for 1960 give us a population of 165,174,000 (low) or 179,812,000 (high). Since 1946 we have added some 16,000,000 people to our popu-

lation and in the next seven years 14,000,000 more will come along. Finally, the low projection for the year 2000 is 200,000,000, with some people declaring there may be as many as 300,000,000 Americans then.

This phenomenal growth presents staggering problems in itself. But there is more to the picture than mere figures. Economic answers we have never had to seek before must be found, because the composition of the population is utterly lopsided.

The low birth rate of the '30's is having a second reaction now, with fewer persons coming of marriageable age than there should be. The men who are growing up are being swallowed, many of them, by the armed services. Thus, the task of producing falls upon the more mature, giving us a labor force slightly older than normal. Conversely, the tremendous birth rate of the '40's has, in effect, turned this decade into a king-sized Children's Hour.

Whether this lack of balance, with too many of the very young and the very old, will cause serious

(Continued on page 72)



Sen. R. C. Hendrickson asks Legislative Reference Service chief Ernest Griffith, right, for speech data

CONGRESS'

PHOTOS BY EDWARD BURKE



Whatever his question, the research staff of experts makes an exhaustive search for facts



Armed with material collected by researchers, the senator takes the floor to argue his case

STORE OF FACTS

By **ALAN L. OTTEN** and
CHARLES B. SEIB

A small group of impartial

specialists in the Library of

Congress supplies legislators with

answers to hundreds

of questions every day

THE congressman from New Jersey pondered as he read a letter from a voter back home. Isn't it true, the writer asked, that "the taking of plums by those in office is an aspect of organizational necessity and human nature?" And, therefore, isn't it a fact that corruption in government is a phenomenon that has been with mankind for a long time? And will the congressman please supply a list of suggested reading material to "put the present-day sensationalism in the proper light?"

A few days later the constituent got a reply. The congressman informed him that corruption in government was indeed a subject "which has concerned political philosophers at least since the sixteenth century." The reply summarized—in two single-spaced typewritten pages—the philosophies of Machiavelli and other political theorists, which demonstrated conclusively, the letter said, that "the problem of morals in public office is far from new."

The closing recommended that the voter consult such works as Hobbes' "The Leviathan," Francis Bacon's "Essays," Machiavelli's "The Prince," and Croce's "Politics and Morals."

Naturally the congressman was too busy to prepare so learned a thesis.

Fortunately he didn't have to.

Within an hour after its arrival, the letter was in the hands of an agency known as LRS. The next day, information for a reply was back on the congressman's desk.

LRS stands for Legislative Reference Service, a small group of hand-picked, impartial researchers and specialists who have only one job: to serve as a research staff for Congress.

Almost unknown off Capitol Hill, and working in inflexible anonymity, these high IQ-ers provide congressmen with the answers to some 150 to 250 questions a day. The questions range from the simplest to the most complex, from the profound to the utterly ridiculous.

More seriously, LRS digests public bills introduced in Congress—many of them drafted for congressmen in its own legal section. It summarizes, on request, key committee hearings, surveys press opinion and helps congressmen answer their mail. It undertakes weighty research projects on legislative matters and sometimes loans its staff members to help with congressional investigations. It gives reasons for favoring or opposing a bill—or for sitting on the fence—to any legislator who asks for

them. And then it might write the speech in which he explains his position.

The impact on American government of this behind-the-scenes service is illustrated by the fact that the LRS offices draft about 100 pieces of proposed legislation each year at the request of members of Congress. Some of these drafts become law.

In addition—and perhaps of equal importance—the service's lawyers sometimes find it necessary to inform members of Congress that ideas for legislation are unfeasible because they clash with the Constitution or have other technical defects.

LRS, always shunning the spotlight, takes no credit for making—or breaking—any specific piece of legislation. Its imprint is on many important laws, however.

When Congress took on the massive job of revising the social security law a few years ago, for example, Fedele Fauri, then LRS senior specialist on social welfare, worked constantly with House and Senate committees involved. LRS admits shyly that information he provided undoubtedly was reflected in the provisions of the new social security law—"it couldn't have been otherwise."

Similarly, the late Robert Oglebay, legal analyst in the LRS American Law section, spent long hours reconciling the sweeping provisions of the Mundt-Nixon internal security bill with constitutional limitations on the powers of the federal Government. This bill was incorporated in the McCarran Act, now the leading internal security law.

An LRS expert has just finished surveying the whole field of civil public works—dams, irrigation projects and the like—and his efforts may well show up in any new legislation in this field.

The LRS legal section handles about 1,200 queries each year on proposed legislation. Frequently, these are requests for briefs either upholding or attacking the constitutionality of a law up for congressional consideration. The service's lawyers say: "We take either side, just as a big private law firm would do. Our job is to give the member what he wants."

That phrase—"give the member what he wants"—could be put to music as the theme song of the whole organization, always provided the facts are there.

Early last year a Michigan congressman called LRS and asked for the arguments in favor of the St. Lawrence seaway and power project. The next day he received a long,

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tax has put a ceiling on the amount of work they will do. As one of them declared: "Once we've made all the profit we're allowed before excess profits taxes start to cut in, we ease off or stop work altogether."

Small firms have taken this path, but the larger ones have kept on operating, although bucking steadily against the tax wall. In chemicals, aluminum, glass fiber, aircraft and other industries which have had tremendous war-abetted growth and then turned to civilian activity, the problems have been revealing.

AIRCRAFT firms have been placed at a disadvantage in relation to automobile companies now that both are engaged in manufacture of planes for the defense program. While the aviation concerns largely handle the assembling of the planes, the auto companies share with them in the manufacture of many parts. Consider the discrimination against the plane makers on the tax line.

In the base years for acquiring excess profits credits, the aviation industry slumped while the automobile makers had a better time of it. Because of this, the aircraft companies have been penalized for their slump from 1946 to 1949.

Then look what has happened to Reynolds Metals Company. In the period declared to represent normal earnings, the company was busy stretching its wings. Instead of amassing income, it spent more than \$90,000,000 to increase its plant and equipment fourfold. During those years, it concentrated on getting new products to the market and therefore operated at a low rate of profit. Today, with its earnings many times greater, the young company has been nicked for a 66-cent tax rate while an older competitor, in spite of a heavier expansion program, enjoys a 6½-cent tax advantage.

Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation was another firm to feel its effects. From 1946 until the start of the Korean fighting, it grew twice as fast as any rival and three times faster than the average of U. S. industry. But the prize for its rapid, astonishing growth was a penalty. For its achievement, it had to pay excess profits tax on more than twice as much of its net income as its older competitors.

Celanese Corporation, given a boost by the new vogue for synthetics and chemicals, paid twice as much to the Government, with no investment in the company, as to its 30,000 stockholders in the

two-year period following the outbreak of hostilities in the Far East.

The most serious effect of this big government dip into the pockets of American business has been to siphon off nourishment on which the economy grows. Corporate financing today comes largely from retained earnings and borrowing. Should too great a portion of corporate earnings be drawn off in taxes, industrial financing requirements would lead to greatly increased borrowing from banks or government sources.

Individuals are no longer able to supply equity capital sufficient to meet corporate needs for replacement of equipment and industrial expansion. Years ago, people with incomes of \$10,000 a year and more kept investment pools relatively full of funds for buying stock and bonds. But federal tax policy has also hit them with heavy tax loads piled on top of inflated living costs. When finished paying bills, they have little or nothing left to dump into the storage tanks. The post-war average of \$1,300,000,000 available for investment, says one expert, is only a "fraction of what we need over the long pull for the good of the economy."

THOSE individuals with surpluses, moreover, are no longer so willing to risk money in the usual form of investment. Whereas stocks have risen on the average only 20 to 40 per cent over their prewar levels, real estate values have more than doubled. Besides, the allure of equity stocks has been diminished by the taxes that ride on their dividends. Hence, the capital gains potentials of real estate are generally more attractive to investors.

Over-all, the big play has shifted to relatively harmless speculations and low-yield tax-exempt securities. Some investors turn to oil exploration where there is a 27½ per cent depletion bonus for a bull's-eye and a full write-off of the investment for a dud. Others, lacking the gambler's instinct, stick with the safer state and municipal issues.

As a result, the venture market, the fuel supply for a forward-moving economy, is threatened with exhaustion from failure to replenish it. Yet, now more than ever, with the world in a state of tension, a tremendous industrial spurt is needed to keep the country strong.

Former Undersecretary of the Treasury Roswell Magill, now head of the Tax Foundation and chairman of the Committee on Federal Tax Policy, recently told a

meeting of Iowa bankers: "Our fundamental strength lies in our magnificent productive machine: we must maintain and improve it. That means that we must make sure that individuals have the incentives to do the work and to produce more. It further means that the Government must leave individuals and corporations enough opportunity to save and to invest the new money that developing enterprises require."

THE place of attack, believes Mr. Magill, as well as other major groups which have studied the problem, is the federal budget. From a total expenditure of \$730,000,000 back in 1915, federal outlays have swelled to \$71,600,000,000 today with \$85,000,000,000 mentioned as the target for the next fiscal year. Even allowing for the cheapened value of the dollar, spending by Washington has multiplied 40 times since the era before World War I. And the money has to be found somewhere—whether by taxation or borrowing—or current operations must be reduced.

Business spokesmen interested in a sound economy hold that the present commitments for military, defense, foreign aid and domestic programs are water laden and may be drained to practical size. Through ten steps to balance the budget, the United States Chamber of Commerce last spring proposed spending cuts of nearly \$14,500,000,000. Most of this, the Chamber felt, could be pared from international security, foreign services and military services, mainly through eliminating the waste of inefficient procurement practices.

Other areas for substantial shaving were social security, health and welfare "as a first step in returning this function to the states, where it properly belongs." And the Chamber also believed it possible to trim the outlays for finance, commerce and industry, agriculture, natural resources, housing and community development, education and general research, and veterans' programs without affecting the welfare of the nation.

The Committee on Federal Tax Policy feels that the budget can stand a reduction of at least \$10,000,000,000 "while still leaving intact all the government that a free nation requires." The committee finds layers of excess fat in many of the same places as the Chamber: in federal lending, public works, grants in aid, and in subsidies to state and local governments, and private individuals and groups. In

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FOR PARKING ILLS

Here's a round

up of the different ways

in which communities are

meeting the demand for

more places to put cars

By **HENRY K. EVANS**

PARKING probably has more bona fide experts and committees at work on it than any other single problem to come out of the machine age. And the more it is worked on, the worse it seems to get.

The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads now estimates the shortage at 175,000 parking spaces in 79 principal cities. Assuming other communities to be in the same fix, the total shortage is 800,000 spaces in all cities' downtown districts. Meeting this need would require an investment of millions of dollars.

These statistics disregard future increases. Between 1920 and 1940, automobiles increased at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. In the following 12 years, the rate of increase was 1,400,000 a year. Today more than 43,000,000 passenger automobiles are registered in the United States. Projecting the trend of the past 12 years—which includes the war period when total car population dwindled—indicates that today's total may double in 30 years. The thought of these millions of automobiles driving around in search of a spot to light makes downtown businessmen's toes curl up.

Everyone knows the answer:





STACK 'EM UP: *That's the way automobiles are handled in the country's only fully automatic garage—the Park-O-Mat, located in a bustling section of the nation's capital*

SPREAD 'EM OUT: *A suburban technique. This landscaped plot in Washington, D. C., has 4.8 square feet of parking space for every square foot of floor in the store it serves*

more off-street parking. But answering the next question isn't so easy. Who's going to pay for it? Some think it's the city's responsibility. Others say, "The merchants created the problem—let them handle it."

One prominent Birmingham woman recently told a public hearing that she hoped the city would begin building and operating parking lots. Asked what she would expect as a result, she replied, "I would expect to park within a block of where I am going and to do so without charge." American motorists have been cherishing this dream for years, but they'll never see it realized in congested districts.

In the first place, any large-scale effort to meet the Birmingham matron's specifications would face a real fight from the local public transit companies and the commercial parking industry. Businessmen with substantial investments in these enterprises declare that such competition, subsidized by public funds, is unfair. A growing number of city planners and engineers, too, are questioning the propriety of such unnatural stimulation of automobile use to the exclusion of public transit in overcrowded areas.

In the second place, the cost would be prohibitive.

At the Northgate shopping center just outside Seattle, it cost \$65,000 to provide parking spaces for 4,000 cars at no charge, whereas

in downtown Seattle equivalent facilities would have cost \$48,000,000. Woodward & Lothrop's branch store at the edge of the District of Columbia, in Maryland, provides 900 car spaces on a nicely landscaped plot which figures out to a ratio of 4.8 square feet of parking to every square foot of floor area in the store. But ratios of this order, to take care of the one or two seasonal peaks, can't be supported economically in congested downtown areas. Studies show that a ratio of about one-to-one is a proper objective in the centers of cities.

Besides providing free parking, stores like Kroger and Jewel Food in Chicago provide mechanical conveyers to transfer their customer's bundles from cash register to parking lot. Wieboldts in Evanston, Ill., takes purchases by pushcart to a package pickup station where an attendant loads them into the customer's car. A plastic numbered card inserted under the windshield wiper enables the attendant to get the package ready as the car approaches, eliminating delay.

These answers to a parker's dream are usually outside cities where land is cheaper and where vast parking areas can be provided to accommodate even the high peak of demand that comes each December.

Still, in spite of the headaches, some cities are making headway in unraveling the parking snarl. The





WENDELL H. MOORE

formulas are, generally, five: Municipal ownership, special authorities, merchant corporations, adjuncts to individual stores and commercial operators.

None of these is a universal answer and certainly a plan which works best in one town may be unsuited to another. But every successful parking plan has one common ingredient—cooperation between businessmen and city officials. The other party to this situation, the motorist, is free to pick and choose where he will take his trade. Merchants and property owners who realize that they have created the parking problem, and that they have the most at stake, and that it is their responsibility to develop the needed cooperative efforts among all concerned, find their communities furthest along toward solution of the problem.

Maximum success requires: 1, due consideration of the part public transit is to play in carrying people to and from the business district, and 2, help and encouragement to existing and prospective investors of private capital in parking facilities.

Here, briefly, is how these five formulas work:

Municipal ownership: Under this plan, the city acquires and owns parking lots and garages, sometimes operating them with city employees but more often leasing them to private operators. In smaller cities municipal lots may be treated

like extensions of the street, with parking meters installed in some cases. These facilities are paid for through general tax funds, special assessments on adjacent commercial property, parking meter revenues both on and off the streets, or from parking fees in the facilities. They are, of course, tax free.

Garden City, N. Y., has one of the most widely copied special assessment parking plans of municipal ownership. This city (15,000 population) has 1,834 free parking spaces in 11 lots in the business district, paid for almost entirely by the merchants. The overabundance of space probably accounts to a great extent for the rise in retail sales which were \$4,700,000 in 1940 and over \$20,000,000 last year.

The community of Silver Spring, Md., a Washington suburb, has a similar plan which has provided 2,200 parking spaces in nine lots since its inception in 1946. Parking is free except for a small number of metered spaces. Commercial and industrial property is taxed 40 cents per \$100 assessed valuation, except where the property owner has provided parking capacity, in which case he receives an exemption.

Land value has jumped from less than \$1 per square foot to from \$4 to \$5 and in several exceptional cases to as high as \$14. And business district valuations, assessed at \$4,005,000 in 1945 before the plan started, have risen to \$15,980,000.

Special parking authorities: The most recent count shows 17 authorities, empowered to acquire land, borrow money and build parking facilities. However, these agencies do not have the power to tax or to borrow on the credit of the entire community, as cities do, and they operate more or less independently from the city government. They are generally tax free.

For example the Pittsburgh, Pa., parking authority, on the basis of an initial \$6,000,000 revenue bond issue, has planned and built two parking garages with combined capacity of 1,500 spaces. The New Brunswick, N. J., parking authority, has provided three public lots—capacity 647 cars—with a \$300,000 interest-free loan from downtown property owners.

Merchant corporations: In many communities, downtown businessmen and property owners have formed nonprofit corporations to provide lots and garages for their customers and to "run their own show" in determining location, financing and operation of these facilities. They raise the money through stock sales, borrowing, or assessments on participating merchants, often giving their customers free or cheap parking. Usually some charge is made for parking to the general public.

More and more downtown businessmen groups are taking a cue from the highly successful Allen-

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Drilling for oil is a risky business both for



the investor and for the men who operate

THE BIG RIG

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

FOUR CENTURIES ago, plumed Spanish warriors went riding across the *llano estacado*, or the staked plains of Texas. These *conquistadores* were seeking the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, where the streets were said to be paved with gold. The quest was fruitless, because Cibola was only a cluster of poor adobe huts.

It is an irony of fate that the barren ground over which the *conquistadores* rode held a treasure that would have dwarfed a true Cibola and overflowed the coffers of Spain. An elusive hydrocarbon called oil lay below the hooves of those lathered horses, and getting it out of the ground has since become a major American industry.

Yet, in many ways, the search for oil is still as tricky and discouraging as that earlier search for Cibola. Seven wildcat wells out of eight are dry, and one deep test can cost \$500,000. That sum would be a big bet in a gambling hall, and it remains the same size when you lay it on a big rig, to test for oil.

There are a lot of gadgets and devices to locate favorable structures underground, to show where oil could be. But no man or no method can say with certainty, "Oil is here." You have to go down and

find out, and that costs a lot of money. This is the story of a deep test for oil, the Gulf No. 1 McQuatters, in Andrews County, Texas.

A deep test is more than machinery, more than a derrick, pipe, and power units. You cannot drive a finger of steel nearly three miles into the earth without the help of trained men, alert, hard-bellied men. The crews on the big rigs work swiftly and efficiently as they guide their tremendous augers down through the geologic history of the planet.

In the summer of 1951, the Gulf Oil Corporation decided that a deep test would be started in Andrews County, Texas, on the McQuatters ranch. The test was to go all the way down to the Ellenburger strata, which in that area comes in at around 13,750 feet.

So, for the first time, the title "Gulf Oil Corporation No. 1 McQuatters" was put on paper. All departments of the company began to submit reports bearing on their particular relation to the test.

The venture was not wholly financed by Gulf. Standard Oil owned half the mineral rights, and agreed to contribute a certain amount of cash. Gulf contracted the McQuatters test to McQueen and Clevenger, a large independent drilling outfit.

While the final papers were being drawn, bulldozers and scrapers turned off the highway, onto the open prairie in Andrews County, and went to work. When you drill a wildcat well, you have to make your own roads. Then, across the new caliche road, over the bleak, mesquite-dotted plain, trucks begin arriving with the knocked-down derrick. Slush pits are dug. Rig builders begin to bolt the steel

braces and girts together. Giant Waukesha engines are set up.

Five days before Christmas, in 1951, drilling began. The bit went down easily at first, pushing through the soft structures. Three crews drilled around the clock, and at night the tall derrick, strung with lights, could be seen for miles.

The tools were owned by McQueen and Clevenger. Replacement value was \$450,000. The crews were hired by the drilling company. A shift on a rotary rig consists of five men: the driller and four roughnecks.

These oil-field workers are a nomadic breed. They are wind-wrinkled and their skin is sun-cured to the consistency of leather. Oil, for some reason, never seems to be found in the easy, shaded places of the earth. The field workers are reserved men, and they speak with a twangy drawl.

The work they do is dangerous, and they juggle the heavy steel tools in pleasing harmony. But it is no simple, industrial ballet form. They do it well together because of a hard fact: If one man misses, he could kill or maim any of the rest of them.

You cannot find men more opposed to regimentation. They will make you a day for the going wages, but they take no guff. Traditionally well-paid, these oil-field gentry constitute one of the thorniest brotherhoods alive.

Ben Rikli was the day driller on the No. 1 McQuatters. Of Swiss descent, Ben was born in Oklahoma and has held the controls on nearly 300 drilling tests. He is a chunky man with graying hair, and his skin has been darkened by the sun. I drove up before his West Texas farmhouse just at twilight, and



THE BIG RIG

continued

the wheels of my car slipped in a long sand dune.

More sand crunched underfoot as I walked to the porch of the frame house. There had been no rain in West Texas for a long time, and the rich farm that Ben Rikli had bought for security had turned into a miniature dust bowl. Blowing sand dunes covered his yard and fields, eddied around his house and tractor. The place cost him more than \$10,000. His only comment as he showed me in was that he would try to salvage something.

In the neat living room, I met Ben's wife and their tall son, Richard. Dick Rikli is 19 years old, and a student at the University of Texas Pharmacy School. He has been roughnecking in the summers since he was 14, and was currently back-up man on his father's crew.

My first question to Ben Rikli was how he got to work. The driller said he drove, a 140-mile round trip daily. That seemed like quite a jag of commuting, even for Texas.

The driller said he hoped to own a drugstore when he was too old to work on a rig. Dick, his son, would be the pharmacist, while the old man ran the front of the store. This is an important dream in the Rikli family. As the driller talked his dark eyes shifted occasionally to stare out the window at the sand dunes covering his ruined farm.

After we had talked for an hour, I left and drove into the little town of Stanton. A sign at the city limits reads: THIS IS STANTON, TEXAS, HOME OF 3,000 FRIENDLY PEOPLE (AND A FEW OLD SOREHEADS). WELCOME.

I found the derrick man, E. E. (Pete) Tracey, at his home. Pete is a stocky, brown-eyed man who speaks only after much consideration, and then in a low voice.

The work of a derrick man is dangerous. His work is done on a

small platform hung 89 feet up in the derrick. He wears a safety belt all the time, and sloping away from his perch is a cable to the ground beyond the rig. This is a safety slide which he can use if the well catches on fire, blows out, or if the derrick is pulled in. In six years of working the "monkey board," Pete has been lucky; he has never needed the slide.

His job is to latch and unlatch the giant "elevators" (clamps), and to stack the drill pipe when it is coming out of the hole and being broken down into three-joint lengths. Going back into the hole, he reverses the procedure, feeding the pipe into the elevators. Sometimes his high board is coated with ice, and it is often slippery with oil. He also does the crown block work, at the pinnacle of the 145-foot derrick.

Mr. Tracey said he didn't have much free time off the rig, having to drive so far to work. He and his wife play cards with friends, or go to a movie in Midland now and then.

Like other members of the crew, Walter Devaney lives in Stanton. He is a slender, whipcord man, and when I talked to him his wife had just given him a third son. Walter has been roughnecking for 15 years, and is the engine man on the job. The three giant Waukesha power units (1,005 horsepower) are his special concern. He was a Seabee for four years, and had 37 months in the South Pacific, with the 33rd Division. His hobby is trout fishing.

Herb Nance was the lead tong man on the crew. The job of the

tong man is to unscrew the drill pipe joints when they come out of the hole, and to buck them up again when they start back to the bottom. Herb was new on the McQuatters rig, but he had been roughnecking for 18 years.

These men were on the day tour (pronounced "tower"), which works from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Having met the crew, I drove out to the Gulf No. 1 McQuatters the next morning. Driller Rikli and his men looked different, more intent, on the job. They all wore protective helmets, steel-toed shoes, and coveralls. As I went up the ladder to the rig floor, I could feel the thunder of the engines. The bit was on the bottom, and the rotary table was revolving, making hole.

"She ain't much for pretty," Mr. Rikli shouted above the din, "but she's hell for stout."

She has to be stout. The depth indicator showed that the well was drilling at nearly 14,000 feet. The bit was working more than 2½ miles below us. At that depth, nearly 280,000 pounds of drill pipe, collars, and bit were revolving dead weight, suspended from the crown blocks. Every few hours the bit would become dulled, so the long column of pipe had to be round-tripped, meaning that it is hauled up and a new bit put on.

A rotary oil rig drills by twisting pipe into the earth through a square opening in the rotary table on the rig floor. The top joint of the drill pipe is also square, and must take the auger action of the table. The joints of pipe are 30 feet in length, are threaded, and screwed together tightly. Even so,

Oil field workers juggle their heavy steel tools in pleasing harmony. They know that if a man misses he could kill or maim any of the others



FRANK NELLER



OIL CO. IN. 2.1

the torque on a deep test allows the rotary table to turn several times at the surface before the bit begins to turn at the bottom of the hole.

The strata under the ground vary in hardness, from easy shale to flinty chert or granite. Driven down dry, the drill stem would find it hard going, so "mud" is pumped down through the hollow pipe under pressure. The thick fluid cools the cutting bit on the bottom and the cutting bit on the bottom and enormously accelerates the drilling action. Actually the fluid is not mud at all, but a highly complex mixture which contains phosphates, caustic soda, tannin, and many other ingredients.

After passing down through the drill pipe, the mislabeled and expensive mud prepares a moist wall cake and conditions the hole. Then it flows back up outside the drill pipe, still under pressure. Channeled into a shale shaker at the surface, the mud bears cuttings from the formations encountered below. By taking samples from the fluid, the well loggers can run tests to determine oil possibilities at the various levels.

Parked beside the slush pits was a trailer. Two geologists were in charge of the vehicle, which is a mobile laboratory. The well log-

gers test all the cuttings which come to the surface in the circulating mud stream, and examine the corings which are trapped by the core barrel.

The two "sample snatchers" on the day tour were "Ish" Curry and Jess Coleman. Both have degrees in geology from Texas Tech. "Ish" is the senior man. He was a quarter-mile champion at Nebraska State, and served with the Army's counterintelligence corps in Europe. Mr. Coleman is a plump fellow who wears glasses. He reads a lot, and is working toward a master's degree in geology.

Both men are employed by Geolog, a well-logging company with headquarters in Dallas, and the mobile unit and its operators are contracted to Gulf. There is constant, good-natured kidding between these two and the drilling crew. The fact is that the logging and testing work done in the trailer is extremely important in determining possible oil-bearing strata.

My strongest impression of the crew members was the dispatch with which they moved about their jobs. The drilling test was no make-work, lackadaisical operation; when Mr. Rikli gave an order, his roughnecks jumped to it, moving like cats. This alert swiftness was undoubtedly due to the depth of the well. Hazard increases as the hole deepens, but that was only part of the explanation.

On a drilling rig, according to Mr. Rikli, there are two main sources of peril. One is a flawed drilling line which must lift and lower the weight, and the other is human carelessness. On one of Ben's wells, oil sprayed over a coiled line and roustabouts burned the oil off to clean the line. Mr. Rikli was not informed. The fire action took the temper out of the line, and the driller had a near-fatal accident when the cable kinked.

Graver dangers lie in the earth, even if the crews and machinery perform perfectly. A tremendous gas pocket can be tapped without warning, and the drill pipe can be blown out of the hole like a string of spaghetti. Any spark can turn a rig into a blazing inferno, and sometimes the fire cannot be extinguished for months. Once, at Sourlake, a hole several hundred feet in diameter caved in suddenly. In a recent blowout at Refugio, the ground around the well cratered and the derrick fell into the hole. These are a few of the reasons why the crew members are always alert, listening, and moving with precision.

But what of this particular deep test? What has it done in eight months of drilling? Up to now, nothing, and the end is near. The revolving bit has passed through and missed oil in the Permian, Pennsylvanian, Silurian, Devonian, and is now in the Ellenburger. And if, as it now appears, the Ellenburger formation is nonproductive, the well probably will be dry. Because below the Ellenburger, there is usually nothing but the impregnable pre-Cambrian granite.

The No. 1 McQuatters probably will test back up the hole for another month, because you don't give up on a \$500,000 bet without being sure. But if, after all the tests are done, oil does not appear in commercial quantities, the casing will be pulled out of the hole and the well will be abandoned.

Cement plugs will be run down to shut off all the possible pay levels, and a thick surface plug will be run in. The slush pits will be graded over, and the cuttings and corings will be stored by Gulf, to guide its geologists in charting action on nearby leases. The derrick will come down, and the big Waukesha engines will be winched onto trucks and taken away.

For many months, nothing will grow where the foul sulphur water flowed into the pits. The No. 1 McQuatters will be listed as the failure it turned out to be.

You may believe that the success or failure of the big rigs has no effects on your life. You will be wrong, because you live in an economy based on oil. Cars and trucks, furnaces, and nearly every machine now in use demands oil or one of its by-products.

The chances of a big rig's hitting a field rich enough to yield 1,000,000 barrels are 43 to one, and those barrels will fill our national demand for only four hours. The odds against hitting a pool that will supply 50,000,000 barrels, enough to supply the U. S. for a week, are nearly 1,000 to one.

That is why the ceaseless search must go on in the barren places of the earth. That is why intangibles like Ben Rikli's ruined farm, Ish Curry's logging trailer, and the bet that Gulf lost in Andrews County are all parts of a sturdy beam supporting American business.

As Ben Rikli said about his big rig, the men who search for oil "ain't much for pretty, but they are hell for stout." It is fortunate for the U. S. that this should be so. An ominous note in a wrangling world is the fact that wars cannot be won nor peace maintained without oil, and plenty of it. **END**



a short leave of absence

The urge to paint can do queer things to a man—as Mr. Bradley learned

By GLADYS TABER

MR. BRADLEY began that day exactly as usual. He turned off the alarm with a small groan, turned on the radio for the news, and made his customary mental comment that everything was a mess. Then he got dressed, wearing his gray suit which hung in the big closet, neatly pressed. Lila kept all his suits in perfect order.

He wore a blue tie. Lila said that when a man reached a certain age, red ties were in bad taste.

Mr. Bradley went down the broadloomed stairs. He felt dead tired. He hadn't felt well for some time, and the doctor told him he needed to relax. Unfortunately that prescription couldn't be filled. Mr. Bradley worked like a madman just to keep even and any day now, he felt, the taxes would engulf him.

Lila was already at the table. She wore a street dress that a little French dressmaker had whipped up for not more than three times its price in the stores. Lila was a competent woman who belonged to everything in Green Hills and was president or vice president of many of them. She did it for Mr. Bradley's sake, to keep up their position, she always said. It cost a lot of money.

They had been out late the night before, but Lila looked crisp and fresh. The Comstocks didn't bore her, and she was crazy about bridge.

"Good morning," said Mr. Bradley, and smiled at her. It wasn't her fault that his nerves seemed so raw lately, that sometimes he thought he would die if she didn't stop talk-talk-talking.

Lila gave him a ghost of a kiss and said absently, "The Clarks and Weldons are coming for dinner, so would you get home early?"

"Can't we spend one evening without a gang?" he asked.

"Four isn't a gang," she said. "The Clarks are important people. I think he might switch his advertising to your firm with just a little persuasion."

"I have a busy day," he said, knowing argument would beget him just another headache.

"I want you here by five," said Lila. "The simple thing would be to drop a hint to Mr. Sloan about the Clarks."

Mr. Bradley laid down his spoon. He gave her a badgered look. "I hate this conniving," he said.

"Don't be silly," said Lila.

Mr. Bradley drove to the station, parked the car and got on the train.

The morning paper proved everything was a mess. A couple of neighbor commuters shared the view and gave the added comment that it might rain later in the day.

The city roar (Continued on page 90)



COUNTRY MUSIC goes to town

A fiddling hoedown in an Ozark mountain cabin started an industry that has caught the fancy of folks around the world

By RUFUS JARMAN



IN VIENNA, the square dance is rapidly becoming a familiar sight

ORHATO—BLACK STAR

"Jitterbug undesired"—at least the sign says it is





IN NASHVILLE, comics Oscar and Lonzo keep the Grand Ole Opry audience in stitches

AN INTERESTING new development has been observed recently in the musical tastes of the peoples of Western Europe, who have given to the world Brahms, Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner, Verdi and the waltzes of Johann Strauss. Now, it appears that European musical culture has taken a surprising and ardent fancy to the works of a new school of composers and performers, who include:

Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys—including Grandpap who thumps a hillbilly bull fiddle (or doghouse), while wearing a trick goatee and an old Confederate forager's cap—Lonzo and Oscar, a couple of bucolic comics who blow on jugs—a character known as "String Bean," who plays on a five-string banjo and wears his pants down around his knees—and the late "Hank" Williams, a sort of "Irving Berlin of the straw stack," among whose compositions are "Lovesick Blues," "Hey, Good Lookin'," and "Honky-Tonkin'."

In short, Europe has been exposed to—and has taken to—hillbilly and western (American) music. Until comparatively recent times, this form of musical expression had been confined to the fiddling "hoedowns" in the cabins and one-room school-houses of the Tennessee-Kentucky-Ozark hill country, and to the nasal wailings of cowboys on the lone prairie who, in song at least, are generally solitary and always sad.

Nowadays this homely artistry has gone international. American armed service personnel and this country's expanding participation in world affairs

have made American "country music" almost as prominent in western Europe as the Marshall Plan.

The same is true, maybe to a lesser degree, in Asia. Last spring, when a series of tornadoes hit areas of Tennessee, numerous Japanese sent inquiries from their native land to radio station WSM in Nashville, one of the greatest dispensers of mountain melody through its local and NBC network program, Grand Ole Opry. The letter writers wanted to know if the elements had damaged the station or injured any of its hillbilly stars. Fortunately for culture and the international peace of mind, the station and the stars escaped damage.

Perhaps the greatest foreign hillbilly fan movement is in western Germany and the Germanic countries, long renowned as music lovers. In the beamed-and-plastered Teutonic beer gardens and brew houses, which for generations have resounded to Viennese waltzes and the umpah-ing of German bands, the high-pitched, scrappy fiddling of hoe-down music now rings out, almost like Arkansas. Native bands, in some cases, have abandoned Strauss, and have taken names for themselves such as "Hank Schmitz and his Goober Growlers" or "Red Schmucker and his Mountain Boys."

Recently, some travelers from Nashville were astonished while visiting a cafe in old Vienna by the following event: A group of musicians, wearing Tyrolean hats and short leather pants, came out. The master of ceremonies announced in heavy, German-coated English: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Eric (Grandpappy) Ritter and his Alpine Hillbilly Briar



Cousin Minnie Pearl is a long-time favorite among WSM listeners

Hoppers will now perform. Their first selection will be: 'How Many Biscuits Kin You Eat This Mawnln';' followed by: 'Git Them Cold Feet Over On The Other Side.'"

Early last summer a young man named Bill Carrigan returned to his home town of Columbia, Tenn., after a four-year hitch with the U. S. Army in Germany, where he was in charge of hillbilly music activities of the American Armed Forces (radio) Network, with headquarters at Frankfurt. The network has stations, some of them three times as powerful as any in this country, at Munich, Stuttgart, Bremerhaven, Nuremberg, Berlin and Frankfurt. Calling himself "Uncle Willie," Bill Carrigan, a radio announcer before entering the Army, operated a daily hillbilly disc jockey show, "The Hillbilly Gast Haus." This program drew the startling total of 150,000 letters a year, not only from American personnel, but from European civilians in 22 countries, including Czechoslovakia, behind the Iron Curtain.

Somehow these letters and cards got past Russian censorship. "Please play George Morgan's 'Candy Kisses,' and think of us here now and then," the writers might say. Most letters from civilians, however, came from Germany. In German-belabored English, these often made such inquiries as "What ist meaning of the song 'Too Old To Cut The Mustard'?"

Hillbilly favorites, by countries, as best Mr. Carrigan could figure were: Germany, "Death On the Highway" (Roy Acuff); France, "My Daddy Is Only a Picture" (Eddie Arnold); England, "It Is No Secret What God Can Do" and "Peace In the Valley" (Red Foley); Belgium, "Let Old Mother Nature Have Her Way" (Carl Smith); Scandinavian countries, "Birth of the Blues" (Chet Atkins), while Hank Snow's "Moving On" was a general continental favorite.

As a special Saturday night feature, the "Hillbilly Gast Haus" broadcast transcriptions of the WSM Grand Ole Opry radio program. Europeans and U. S. personnel took to this so avidly that a year or so ago Mr. Carrigan organized a European version of the Opry, made up of Army hillbilly musicians. They performed every Saturday night to overflow audiences in the Frankfurt Palmgarten, seating 3,000. The hillbilly programs broke all Palmgarten attendance records, including appearances there of Bob Hope, Horace Heidt and other more sophisticated performers.

U. S. personnel and European civilians from as far away as Rome stood in line five and six hours to get in. Prim-faced ladies came over from London to applaud hillbilly renditions of homely religious hymns, and young women and men bicycled down from as far north as Denmark.

Later the Army's Grand Ole Opry was put on the road. One of its duties came to be instructing local civilian musical groups in the mysteries of hillbilly music. German violinists, accustomed to rendering Viennese waltzes played with long, sweeping movements of the bow, had trouble grasping the hoedown technique, which is played with short, choppy strokes. It was amusing, witnesses report, to see Army hillbillies demonstrating the fiddling technique for such numbers as "Bile That Cabbage Down" to the frock-coated Germans, who carefully copied down these wild notes on paper.

Usually at the European performances, "Onkel Willi"—as the Germans addressed him—would begin the show by describing what was probably transpiring at the real Grand Ole Opry, which has gone on the air out of Nashville every Saturday night since 1925. More than 5,000,000 hillbilly enthusiasts have visited the program, and more than 10,000,000 listen regularly to the program on the radio.

In a way, it is not surprising that Europeans should like American country music. This country's folk songs had their origins in the folk songs that early settlers brought over from Europe. The songs were changed to fit conditions and experiences in a new world that was rawer and cruder than Europe and filled with giants.

When the Scotch and English settlers came over the mountains into Tennessee, they brought their fiddles. That instrument has remained as important to the people of the ridges and valleys as bagpipes are to the Highland Scots. For generations they have made the hollows resound to "Billy In the Low Ground" and "Ole Dan Tucker" and to such ballads as "You'll Never Miss Your Mother 'Till She's Gone."

When I was a boy down in Tennessee, the audiences for these rustic troubadours were only country men and women. They gathered about store porches on Saturday nights. Sometimes they drove in buggies to lamp-lit rural schoolhouses. They paid for this entertainment by tossing dimes and quarters into sweat-stained black felt hats.

What brought this homely music out of the back-roads and into great popularity nationally—and now internationally—was radio in general and in particular station WSM, owned by the National Life & Accident Insurance Company. Through country music, Nashville is now a phonograph-recording center comparable to New York and Hollywood. WSM has become the "big time" to country musicians, as the old Palace once was to vaudeville. The *Wall Street Journal* has estimated that country music in Nashville now amounts to a \$25,000,000-a-year industry.

The whole picture adds up to an utterly astonish-



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ing phenomenon, and it all got started like this:

Not long after World War I, George D. Hay, a reporter for the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, was sent to cover the funeral of a war hero in the Ozark foothills near Mammoth Spring, Ark. After filing his story, Mr. Hay attended a hoedown in a log cabin about a mile up a muddy road, "lighted by a coal oil lamp in one corner." He later recounted, "No one has ever had more fun than those Ozark mountaineers had that night. It stuck with me until the idea became the Grand Ole Opry seven or eight years later."

Mr. Hay was hired as station director by WSM in 1925, and on a Saturday night, Nov. 28 of that year, he launched the Opry. He called himself "The Solemn Old Judge." His first and only artist that night was a bearded, 80-year-old gentleman called "Uncle Jimmy" Thompson, who played an old-time fiddle and said he knew 1,000 tunes. He played an hour that first night, and didn't want to stop. Claimed he was just getting warmed up.

THE station was amazed at the response, and Uncle Jimmy was established as a regular Saturday night performer. The management was even more amazed within a few weeks by the droves of country musicians, inspired by Uncle Jimmy's example, who poured in to get into the act. As early as Friday afternoon they would swarm about Memorial Square near the station—their ancient instruments in beat-up old cases and sometimes flour sacks. There were fiddlers, guitar strummers, mandolin tinklers, harmonica moaners, banjo pickers and one woman with an old zither.

Gradually a large cast of country musical units was built up. There were almost no professional hillbilly musicians then. They were people who worked on farms, in stores, garages and blacksmith shops, who played for fun. Among the early WSM groups was Dr. Humphrey Bate, an Estill Springs, Tenn., physician, and his "Possum Hunters," made up of Dr. Bate on the harmonica, his son, Buster, his daughter, Alcyone, and Stanley Walton, guitars; Walter Liggett, banjo, and Oscar Stone, bass fiddle. Other early, similar groups were the Crook Brothers, the "Fruit Jar Drinkers" and "Fiddlin' Sid Harkreader and his Gully Jumpers."

Their renditions were almost entirely instrumental, with an occasional whoop and holler from one

of the bandmen when somebody hit a hot lick. But the show was really crying for a vocal star. It found one in a remarkable old character known as Uncle Dave Macon, "the Dixie Dewdrop."

Uncle Dave, who died last spring, lived at Readyville, Tenn. He wore a high wing collar, a bright red tie, a broad-brimmed hat of black felt, a double-breasted waistcoat, long sideburns, gold teeth and a sensational goatee. He used to play for quarters in a hat at the country school at Lascassas, Tenn., where I attended. He did wonderful things on a variety of banjos, and he sang in a voice you could hear a mile up the road on quiet nights.

Mules used to stir uneasily in their stalls halfway up the valley when they heard Uncle Dave squall:

As long as ole bacon stays at thutty cents a pound

I'm a-gonna eat a rabbit, if I haff-ta run him down . . .

Oh tell me how long . . .

I remember the first Saturday night, in 1926, when Uncle Dave made his debut on WSM. We had read about it in the paper, but we didn't mention it about Lascassas. We had one of the two radio sets in the community, and we were afraid everybody in that end of the county would swarm into our house to hear Uncle Dave, and trample us.

Nevertheless, the word got around and just about everybody did swarm into our house, except a few local sages who didn't believe in radio.

Except for Uncle Dave, who was mainly comedy, the Opry had no



real vocal stars until 1938. Vocalists had contented themselves with singing the old favorites, "Rabbit In The Pea Patch" or "Clementine." Roy Acuff, with a string band from Maynardville, Tenn., was the first featured singer backed by a band. He was also first to identify himself with particular songs—"The Great Speckled Bird" and "The Wabash Cannon Ball."

These came to be identified with Acuff in somewhat the way "Cry" is with Johnny Ray. Later, Acuff began composing his own songs. He still performs on the Opry, which now has a whole stable of highly popular singers. Red Foley hit with "Smoke On The Water"; Ernest Tubb with "Walking The Floor Over You"; Cowboy Copas with "My Filipino Baby"; Hank

Williams with "Lovesick Blues" and Little Jimmy Dickens with "Old Cold Tater." The most recent sensation is handsome Carl Smith of Maynardville, who sets rustic bobby soxers wild with "Let's Live A Little," and "Let Old Mother Nature Have Her Way."

These country music glamor boys are as big—sometimes bigger—in record sales and juke box popularity as Bing Crosby or Frank Sinatra. These men make up to \$300,000 a year. They live in mansions with swimming pools attached in Nashville's fashionable suburbs, drive immense automobiles bearing their initials in gold, and wear expensive western get-ups—loud suits costing \$300 each, \$50 hats and \$75 boots.

What baffles conservative Nashvillians are the crowds that swarm into town each week to see the program, which lasts four and a half hours. All of it is broadcast over WSM's powerful, clear-channel station, and 30 minutes of it has been broadcast for a dozen years over the NBC network, sponsored by Prince Albert Tobacco. Red Foley is the master of ceremonies. In addition to the music of bands and quartets, there are two immensely popular comedians, Red Brasfield of Hohenwald, Tenn., and Cousin Minnie Pearl, a product of Centerville, Tenn.

ONLY the network portion of the show is rehearsed and that only once, for timing. About 125 stars and their "side men" take part in this whole jamboree, which is marked by great informality. Performers, some in outlandish costumes, stroll about the stage, join in with their instruments with units of the show other than their own, and occasionally toss one another playfully into a tub of iced drinks that is kept on the stage at all times.

Back when the Opry was new, people used to pack around a big plate glass window, like most studios had, to watch. The management began admitting as many as could get into the room, about 75, to sit around the musicians and cheer them on. Their applause and shouts added to the program's folksy flavor, and constituted one of the first of all audience-participation shows. Later, the station built an auditorium-studio that seated 500. Then about ten years ago, they moved into the Ryman Auditorium, which is about as colorful as the Opry is.

It was built in 1892 by subscriptions raised by Capt. Tom Ryman, owner of a line of river pleasure



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boats. He had gone to a tent meeting to jeer at a famous religious revivalist, the late Sam Jones of Cartersville, Ga. But that night the preacher chose for his topic, "Mother," which hit Captain Ryman in a tender spot. He was converted then and there, and built a great tabernacle, "so Sam Jones wouldn't have to preach in a tent."

The old building has narrow pointed windows, a rostrum instead of a stage, primitive dressing rooms and old church pews that seat 3,572 persons. The 1,384 reserved seats, at 60 cents each, are taken weeks in advance. Often as many as 10,000 are turned from the door. The crowds come from every state, averaging 485 miles per person to get there. More attend from Alabama and Illinois than from Tennessee. People as far away as Saudi Arabia have attended, writing ahead for seats. An ice storm a few years ago paralyzed the city but failed to stop the Opry crowd.

THE audience ranges from a few people who think the term "Opry" means they should come formal to those who take off their shoes and nurse their babies during the show. Many of them come in trucks.

In Nashville hotels, they often bed down eight to a room, and bring along their food. They clean their hotel rooms, never having heard of maid service. Many of them never heard of tipping either. Bellboys and elevator operators, when the management isn't looking, may make up for this oversight by charging ten cents per elevator ride.

Besides their radio programs and records, the Opry stars constantly manifest themselves to their followers through personal appearances, arranged by the WSM Artist Service Bureau, under Jim Denny. Every night one or more troupes of Opry stars are appearing in some city about the land. They have crammed Carnegie Hall in New York and played before sellout audiences in white ties and tails in Constitution Hall in Washington. More often they appear on Sundays in picnic groves in Pennsylvania, Illinois or Ohio. Not long ago, one troupe played to 65,000 persons in four days in Texas.

To fill this schedule, the Opry stars live a hard life. They usually leave Nashville in their cars on Sundays, and drive hard from one engagement to another, heading back to Nashville in time for Saturday. Often they don't sleep in a bed for nights on end, but take turns driving.

They keep their car radios tuned

to hillbilly broadcasts at all times, and when they hear some local rustic singer who sounds promising, they tip off Jack Stapp, the Opry's program director.

The touring stars have simple living tastes. One observer who has traveled with them reports that some stars, making hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, will eat the same meal three times a day—fried potatoes, fried eggs and fried pork chops. For, in spite of their fancy clothes, big cars and abundant money, the Opry stars remain simple people who "were raised hard and live hard," as one of them has said. Some of them do not know a note of music, but their great appeal as entertainers is in the rawness of their emotions and their sincerity in conveying them.

Hank Williams was discussing that shortly before his death in January. Williams was a lank, erratic countryman who learned to play a guitar from an old Negro named Teetot in his home village of Georgiana, Ala.

"You ask what makes our kind of music successful," Williams was saying. "I'll tell you. It can be explained in just one word: sincerity. When a hillbilly sings a crazy song, he feels crazy. When he sings, 'I Laid My Mother Away,' he sees her a-laying right there in the coffin.

"He sings more sincere than most entertainers because the hillbilly was raised rougher than most entertainers. You got to know a lot about hard work. You got to have smelt a lot of mule manure before you can sing like a hillbilly. The people who has been raised something like the way the hillbilly has knows what he is singing about and appreciates it.

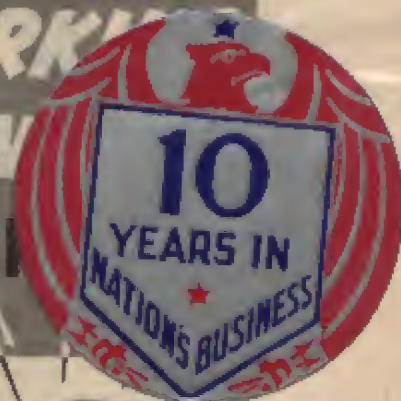
"For what he is singing is the hopes and prayers and dreams and experiences of what some call the 'common people.' I call them the 'best people,' because they are the ones that the world is made up most of. They're really the ones who make things tick, wherever they are in this country or in any country.

"They're the ones who understand what we're singing about, and that's why our kind of music is sweeping the world. There ain't nothing strange about our popularity these days. It's just that there are more people who are like us than there are the educated, cultured kind.

"There ain't nothing at all queer about them Europeans liking our kind of singing. It's liable to teach them more about what everyday Americans are really like than anything else."

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of the Carnegie Hero

Fund Commission **"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"**

By **RICHARD B. GEHMAN**

THE BULL always had been a bad one; Jesse Biegmann knew that. The big animal had a mean, skittish look in its eye, as though it were just waiting for trouble. But it had never caused any commotion until the afternoon in February when Mr. Biegmann and young Don Sweetland, who had come over to help out with the chores, were driving the small herd into the barn. All the cows plodded in willingly enough, but the bull held back. He trotted over to the wall of the barnyard and stood there, stubborn and defiant.

Biegmann sighed, picked up a pitchfork and headed for the bull, figuring to catch the ring in its nose with a prong and lead it into the barn. The bull watched him, snorting angrily. "Watch out!" Don Sweetland cried, but it was too late. The bull pawed the ground and charged before Mr. Biegmann knew what was happening.

One huge horn flipped the pitchfork aside. The charge caught Biegmann square in the midriff, and the bull pinned him to the ground with its horns. Then, as young Sweetland looked on in horror, it seemed to hesitate. Only

for a moment; for then it stepped in and tossed the prostrate Biegmann twice in the air. Somehow the man managed to grab the ring in the bull's nose. Face down, awaiting another goring, he held on desperately.

Sweetland had never handled the bull, and he was afraid of it. Biegmann's blood, oozing into the dirt of the yard, made him half-sick at his stomach. Nevertheless, he walked up to the bull warily, and with a swift motion grabbed the ring and disengaged Biegmann's grip. Then the boy hooked both hands into the ring and began walking backward, looking squarely at the bull, pulling it 50 feet to the barn door and 20 feet into the interior, where he stepped nimbly aside and shut the beast in a stall. Then he ran back to Biegmann.

Don Sweetland became something of a hero around the Waukesha section of Wisconsin. The papers carried stories about his deed; everybody said it was a noble thing for a 14-year-old to do. Biegmann was injured seriously, but recovered in two months. Shortly after he got out of the hospital, people in the neighborhood, as

people will do, more or less forgot about Sweetland's heroism. The boy continued to go to school and help out on farms after hours. His life resumed its normal pace.

One day a man with a black notebook showed up. He was a quiet, methodical man, as thorough as an investigator for an insurance company. He wanted to know everything about the rescue. More than that, he wanted to see the barnyard where it had happened. He went out there with his tape measure, looked around, and asked more questions. He went over the story again and again, and when he was satisfied he went away.

On Nov. 17, 1950, the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission of Pittsburgh published one of its thrice-yearly award lists. Don Sweetland's name was on the list. By risking his life to rescue his friend, he had become one of 3,600-odd Americans so honored by the commission between 1904, when it was established, and the end of 1952.

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TRADE MARK

meets to study investigators' reports and determine who shall be cited by the Hero Fund. About 15 awards are made at each meeting, some in the form of gold, silver and bronze medals and some in cash as well. Over the years, the commission has awarded more than \$7,000,000 to heroes, their families and/or survivors, or about \$2,000,000 more than the amount of the Hero Fund originally ordained by Andrew Carnegie. Currently the commission is paying \$119,064 per year in pensions alone.

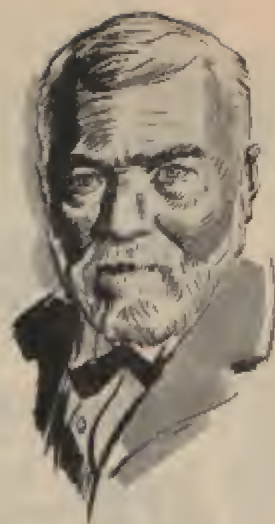
The work of the Hero Fund Commission is not widely known, since it has operated in virtual anonymity since it was established 49 years ago. Originally Andrew Carnegie wished it to have widespread recognition, but the commission members, given their own free hand in administration, decided that their communiques to the public would take the form of a yearly report bound in a neat little green pamphlet, to be sent to libraries throughout the nation, and a formal announcement released simultaneously to the major news services when awards were to be made.

EVEN public presentations of medals and cash were barred. This decision was made to forestall the pests and crackpots who inevitably appear like locusts when word goes out that there is money to be given away, and also to protect the heroes and their dependents from people seeking to cut themselves in.

This close-to-the-chest attitude was reflected in a progress report prepared by W. J. Holland, a former president, for the Fund's twenty-fifth anniversary in 1929. In 1904, Mr. Holland recalled, word had leaked that the fabulous Scot of Homestead, Pa., had put aside another huge fund to be given away. Mr. Holland, attending a concert, was accosted by a reporter, "crouching," as he put it, beside his seat. The reporter said, "What do you know of Mr. Carnegie's latest gift?" But let Mr. Holland tell the rest:

"I said to him, 'Mr. Carnegie is in the south of France at present, and you can reach him by cable. He is of age and can speak for himself.' He (the reporter) crept away on all fours."

My attention was first drawn to the Hero Fund by an item in the *New York Times* of April 26, 1952, which announced that 16 heroes had received citations. Among them was John P. Knapp, Jr., of Philadelphia, an employee of a plat-



ing plant, who had plunged into a spray of sulfuric acid and pushed two co-workers to safety.

I decided to go to Pittsburgh to learn what I could of the commission's work. Once there, I called M. H. Floto, the manager, and asked if I could drop by and talk to him. "Sorry," he said. "Requests like this have been coming in for years, and we've always refused them."

Instead of creeping away on all fours, my natural inclination, I invited him to lunch.

Mr. Floto turned out to be an affable, self-effacing man in his early 60's, with white hair and pleasant blue eyes behind steel-rimmed glasses. He might have been taken for a veteran postal clerk.

Actually, for 18 years he had been an investigator for the Hero Fund Commission.

"People think our files are full of unbelievable acts of heroism," he said, "and they're right. But if you look through the awards that've been made, you find that they were made for heroism in certain pretty definite categories."

DURING his years as an investigator, and his time spent as manager, Mr. Floto discovered that these categories usually consisted of: drowning, suffocation, railway and electric car rescues, runaway teams, cave-ins at mines, electric shocks, exposure, explosions, attacks by enraged animals, attempted murders, falls, mangle machinery in mills, snakebites and risking contagion. "That's just about the crop," he said. "The list covers just about every trouble one human being can save another from."

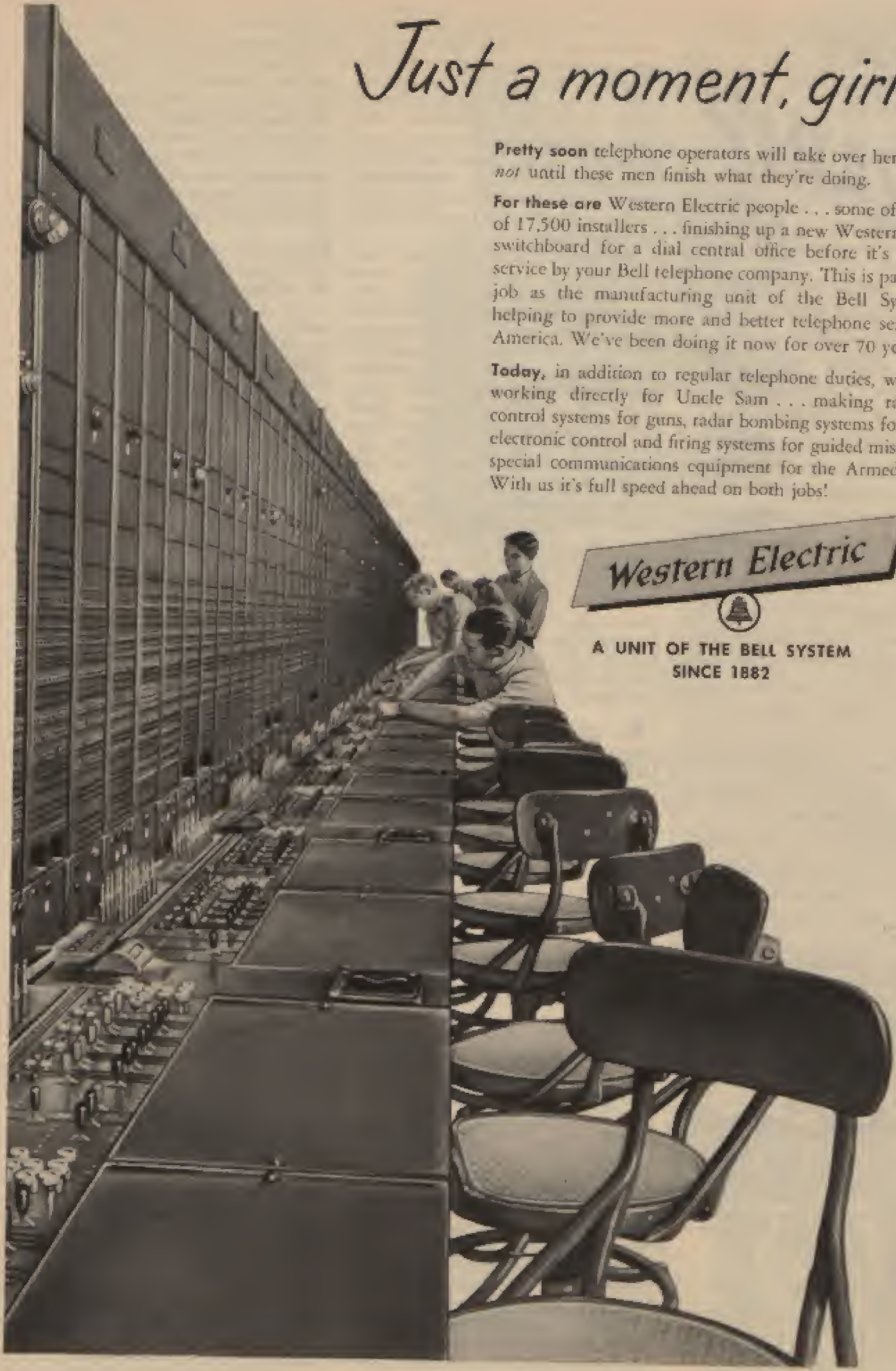
According to the commission's tenets, neither Sergeant York nor Audie Murphy could ever qualify for awards, since their heroic deeds were accomplished in pursuit of

Just a moment, girls!

Pretty soon telephone operators will take over here . . . but *not* until these men finish what they're doing.

For these are Western Electric people . . . some of our staff of 17,500 installers . . . finishing up a new Western Electric switchboard for a dial central office before it's put into service by your Bell telephone company. This is part of our job as the manufacturing unit of the Bell System . . . helping to provide more and better telephone service for America. We've been doing it now for over 70 years.

Today, in addition to regular telephone duties, we're also working directly for Uncle Sam . . . making radar fire control systems for guns, radar bombing systems for planes, electronic control and firing systems for guided missiles and special communications equipment for the Armed Forces. With us it's full speed ahead on both jobs!



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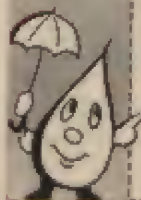
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City.....State.....



their day-to-day jobs as soldiers. If, however, General MacArthur should rescue a lady from a burning apartment in the Waldorf Towers, thereby endangering his own life, he might well become eligible. Firemen, policemen, FBI men, Red Cross workers and other guardians of the public safety seldom get Hero Fund commendations, since their professions more or less require that they be heroes on demand.

Webster's "New International Dictionary" (unabridged) gives one definition of "hero" as "a person of distinguished valor or enterprise in danger." Andrew Carnegie had a slightly different interpretation: "The real heroes of civilization were those who risked their lives to save others—not those heroic in war or destruction." Then he became even more specific, declaring that the element of risk had to be firmly established.

By that definition, young Sweetland was an authentic hero. So was Harold F. Keith of Mason City, Ill., one of the winners in the April, 1952, announcement. A 400-pound tiger had escaped from a private zoo in Mason City. Unfed for nine hours, it prowled the streets looking for food. Finally it attacked a 58-year-old man named Lester Mather.

THE beast had Mr. Mather by the leg when Mr. Keith stepped in. Using a four-foot auto drive shaft, the only makeshift weapon at hand, he went at the tiger with the fearlessness of Clyde Beatty, beat it until it dropped Mather and then until it was stunned, after which he went to the injured man's aid.

Carnegie would have approved heartily of Keith. The steel millionaire, who once remarked that it was a disgrace for a man to die rich, was moved to establish the Hero Fund shortly after an explosion at Harwick Collieries in Pennsylvania had taken the lives of 170-odd miners. Two men, Selwyn Taylor, an engineer, and Daniel Lyle, a miner, had died attempting to save the victims.

Carnegie wrote in pencil to a friend, "I can't get the women and children of that mine disaster out of my mind."

He donated money to be used for their support, but the memory of the two heroes lingered.

Shortly thereafter, he summoned an associate, Charles L. Taylor, head of Carnegie Funds, to New York and informed him of his Hero Fund project. In March, 1904, he wrote a memo that said, "I have transferred to the commission \$5,-

000,000 of first collateral five per cent bonds of the United States Steel Corporation."

"I do not expect to stimulate or create heroism by this fund," Carnegie later continued, "knowing well that heroic action is impulsive; but I do believe that if the hero is injured in his bold attempt to serve or save his fellows he and those dependent on him should not suffer peculiarly thereby."

FROM the beginning, the Fund was one of Carnegie's pet projects. He called it "my ain bairn," because it had "crawled up my ain back." Medals were to be awarded to all winners. There were three types of financial grants: death benefits to widows and dependents (not to exceed \$1,000 per year), disablement benefits; and betterment benefits, to be used in education, health, home ownership or the payment of debts—any way the hero wished, as long as it was used "soberly and properly."

Carnegie insisted that the past life of an individual should have no bearing on his eligibility, "for a hero deserves a pardon and a fresh start."

Thus some Hero Fund medals have gone to men in jail, and men who have served time.

During the early years, the commissioners had each prospective case investigated so thoroughly they were slow in making awards. They found themselves with a surplus on their hands. From time to time, then, funds for the relief of survivors of disasters were apportioned, disasters such as a Massachusetts shoe factory explosion, the San Francisco earthquake, a number of floods, and five mine cave-ins.

On two occasions the commission went to the aid of men who already had been awarded medals. One hero, going bankrupt, tried to hold back his gold medal, but the court made him surrender it, whereupon the commission voted him another one. A second hero was about to put up his medal as security for a loan of \$100. The commission heard about it and advanced him the money.

Another time, a hero was aided in quite a different way. The following letter arrived in the office:

"Thanking for medal which I receive on 26 of Dec. and we are proud of it.

"There have been doz of peoples call to see it. If not asking to much would like to know who the man is on the other side. Difference ones has difference ideas about it."

The commission informed him

that the man on the other side was Andrew Carnegie.

Over the years, more than 40,000 cases of reported heroism have been investigated. It used to be fairly common for people in communities to circulate petitions asking that local heroes be honored, but the commissioners never have been swayed by any evidence but that of their own investigators, who number five. Some of these men, in pursuing their duties, have found themselves in situations which have required them to behave with heroic fortitude.

ONE agent was marooned for three days in an old lighthouse at the mouth of Delaware Bay. Another, trying to determine the depth of a swift, raging stream in Colorado, fell in and had to be rescued.

Another went into a Mississippi swamp so treacherous that two men with shotguns had to precede him to shoot the moccasins out of his path.

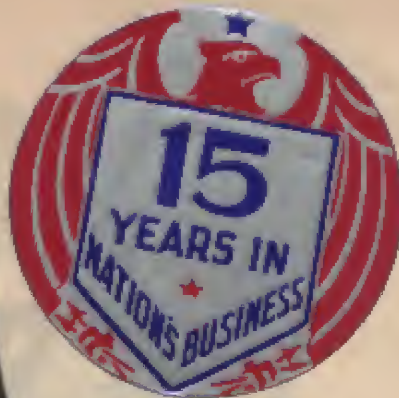
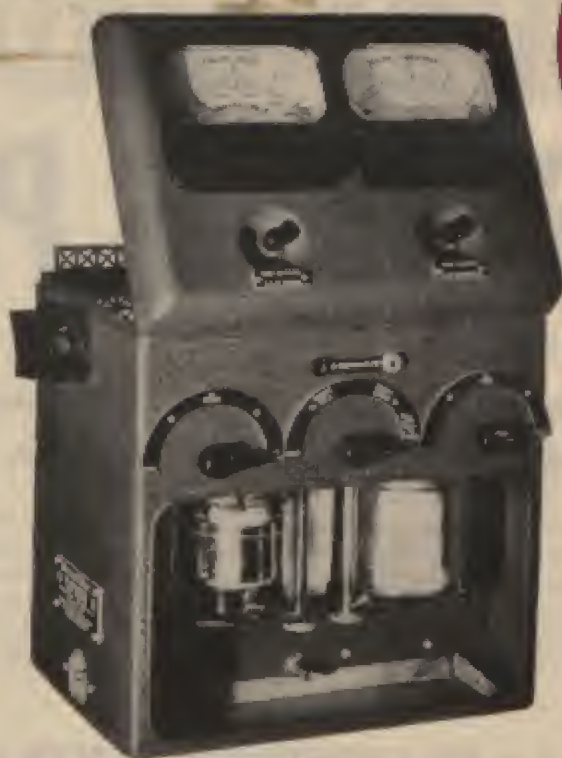
The first to get a medal for heroism was Louis A. Baumann, Jr., a youth of 17, who saved another boy, Charles A. Stevick, from drowning in a creek near Wilkinsburg, Pa. This award was a sort of foreshadow of subsequent ones, for recognition given to rescues from drownings have exceeded those of all other causes.

One of the more remarkable of these rescues was accomplished by Samuel E. Sansevere, a 25-year-old, one-legged cargo checker of Hoboken, N. J. On July 9, 1950, a longshoreman named Vincenzo Marion fell off the dock into the water between the hulls of two vessels. Without hesitation, Sansevere unstrapped his artificial limb, dived in and brought Marion back to safety.

Many rescues have been accomplished by people with physical handicaps. In Fort Smith, Ark., a nurse named Hazel L. Harway was attending to the needs of an elderly invalid when she suddenly fainted and fell across a gas stove. Her uniform caught fire. The patient telephoned Mary C. Yowell, a 66-year-old blind woman who lived upstairs. Miss Yowell groped her way downstairs and across the room, pulled Miss Harway off the stove, rolled with her on the floor to extinguish the flames, and then pushed and carried her 20 feet to the back porch and safety.

Not all rescues have been un-mixed with comedy. In 1948, Oscar Montgomery, a North Carolina truck driver, got a bronze medal

(Continued on page 60)



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General Electric announces special "Pre-season Plan" on Packaged Air Conditioning for stores, restaurants, offices and industry.

THIS YEAR make sure you're ready for hot summer weather! Don't wait till the last minute to air condition and then be disappointed by—"Sorry, we can't touch your job till August." Take advantage of G.E.'s first nation-wide "Early Bird" sale. You don't start monthly payments until warm weather! So why put

it off another day? G-E dealers will have plenty of time to install the wonderful new G-E Packaged Air Conditioner at your convenience—you won't miss an hour's business. And you'll be ready for the better summer business and higher employee efficiency that air conditioning can be counted on to produce!

ASK YOUR G-E AIR-CONDITIONING DEALER ABOUT HIS PLANS FOR—

1. SPECIAL PRICE if you buy now!

Why put off cooling when you save money by ordering now? Limited time only!

2. SMALL DOWN PAYMENT!

Easy-purchase plan available—terms to suit your budget.

3. INSTALL NOW—PAY LATER!

Months before you even start paying! And then these units start paying for themselves in better business, higher employee morale!

4. TWO FULL YEARS TO PAY!

You'll be paying only a few dollars a month. You get it all back in a smoother-running summer business.

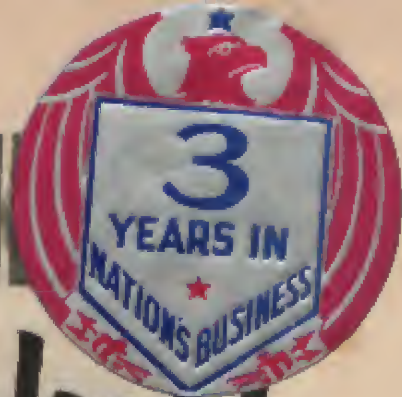
5. 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN!

G-E warranty and replacement agreement are your assurance of dependable performance.



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G-E AIR CONDITIONING LATER *If you act Now!*



*Finest Unit
G-E has ever
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***Why this special plan is
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Each year many businessmen wait until hot weather before they decide to cool. Unavoidably, some are disappointed because installing crews, working at top speed, just can't get to everyone as fast as they'd like. If we can spread the work out over several months, crews can keep busy all year—we can give every customer top service—and no one is disappointed.

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General Electric Company, Air Conditioning Division,
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Please tell me how I can have air conditioning now, and pay for it later!

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WILLIAM C. NEWBERG
President Dodge Division

Why DODGE Chose MOA* for a California Plant



"There are many factors that must be studied carefully in selecting a site for a new plant," says William C. Newberg, president of the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation.

"The goal is to find a location offering the best combination of these factors to fit the requirements of a job to be done. Availability and quality of utilities, suppliers and transportation facilities must be considered. The location with respect to the markets the plant is to serve must be analyzed. And the community must be a good place for workers to live and raise their families.

"All these factors—and many more—were carefully weighed when the Dodge Division set out after the war to establish its own West Coast assembly plant to meet the needs of the rapidly-growing Western market.

"As a result, in 1948, a new Dodge plant was put into operation in San Leandro, in the Metropolitan Oakland Area. More recently, an addition of 749,000 square feet of working space has tripled the size of the plant."

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*MOA stands for Metropolitan Oakland Area... includes all of Alameda County, California. In 1951, 73% of all new plant industrial development in the nine San Francisco Bay Area counties took place in MOA. 35,000 acres of level property in rural and semi-rural areas offer wide variety of sites close to skilled labor supply and transportation.



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OAKLAND • PIEDMONT • PLEASANTON • SAN LEANDRO • RURAL ALAMEDA COUNTY

(Continued from page 57)
and \$500 for a series of actions which might have made good material for a Mack Sennett film if they had not been so seriously concerned with saving lives. The 54-year-old Montgomery was filling an underground tank in a service station with a hose connected to the rear compartment of his truck when a man tossed a match toward the filler pipe of the tank.

With a sudden *whoosh* flames shot up from the pipe and enveloped the rear end of the truck, which contained about 400 gallons of gasoline and 100 of kerosene in other compartments. Montgomery took off his cap and stuffed it in the filler pipe, but it caught fire. He pulled one end of the hose out of the pipe and flung it on the ground, but flames shot up from the end and his pants caught fire. He took them off. Then he ran to the cab of his truck, hopped in, and drove it to the highway.

THE area was thickly populated around the station. An explosion might have killed many people. Keeping one foot on the running board, he continued to drive the truck from a standing position, meanwhile glancing around at the still-burning rear from time to time. He drove a mile and a half until it was safely out of the populated area, all the while expecting the gasoline to explode. By a miracle, it didn't; but when he stopped, thinking the gasoline in the rear had burned itself out, the flames leaped up again.

The driver started once more and drove another mile before all the gasoline burned through the hose. He was laid up for five days for burns suffered when his pants caught fire.

The rescue of Samuel L. Hopkins by Roscoe L. Chapman, in Pittsburgh in May, 1947, was even more nerve jangling. The two men were painting a 260-foot-smokestack above a steam heating plant. Mr. Hopkins climbed into a boatswain's chair suspended by a block and tackle from a short ladder at the top. As he was getting settled, the chair strap broke in two pieces, dropping the seat. Mr. Hopkins had the presence of mind to grab each strap, but he was wearing gloves and there was wet paint on the leather. He began to slip.

Mr. Chapman came down the short ladder as fast as he could, hooked his legs over the rungs like the man on the flying trapeze, and grabbed his partner by the wrists. For one awful instant he thought he felt the ladder giving way. He

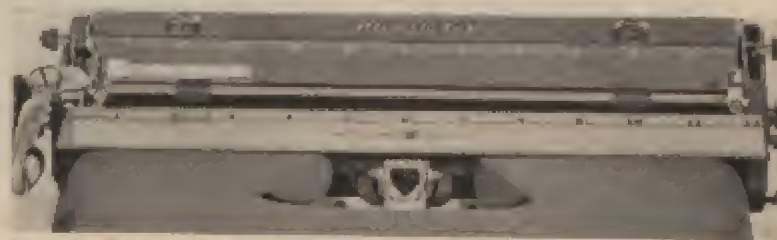
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Standard 11-inch carriage with a full 10 3/10-inch writing line

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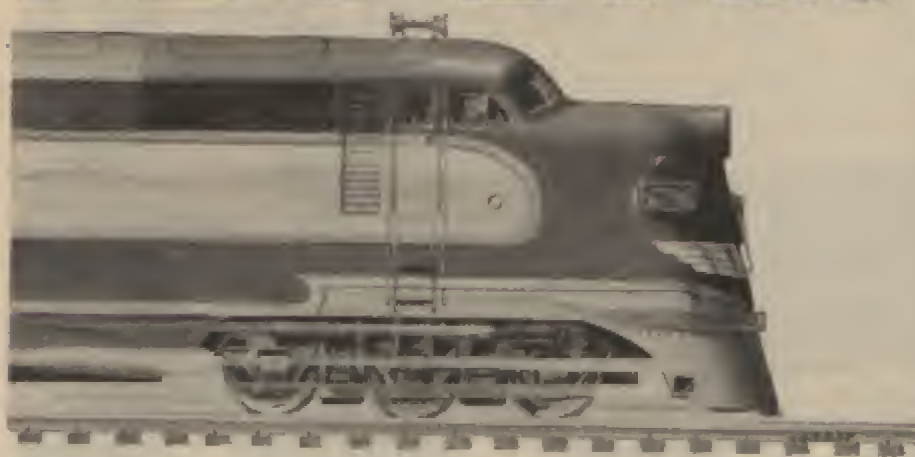
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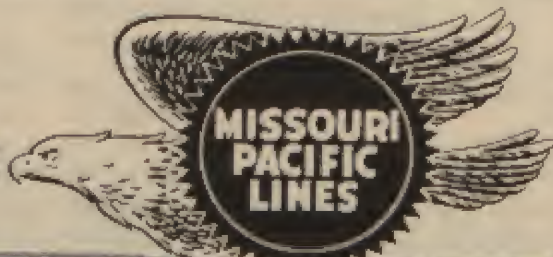


...to
horsepower
by the
herd

BACK WHEN the West-Southwest was young, so was the "iron horse." MISSOURI PACIFIC'S early woodburners labored long to transport people . . . and the things they needed. As towns grew, trains grew longer and "iron horses" stronger.

TODAY, after a century of setting the pace of progress, MO-PAC'S 10,000 mile system serves the great West-Southwest with a splendid fleet of swift, powerful diesels . . . bringing ever smoother, faster, more dependable service to the traveling and shipping public.

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ROUTE OF THE EAGLES

looked down at the ground, nearly 100 dizzying yards below. Then, exercising all his strength, he helped Hopkins wiggle first one set of fingers out of a glove, then the other. With the gloves off, Hopkins was able to get a firmer purchase on the straps—but he was too weak to pull himself up to the ladder. Chapman rested a moment, and then, summoning power he did not know he possessed, pulled his friend to safety.

Carnegie fund heroes have come from all walks of life. Many women and schoolgirls have been decorated, and two nuns once saved another from drowning. "Why," as one commissioner told an acquaintance, "we even had a *congressman* on our list." His name was Melvin J. Maas, and one day in 1932, while sitting in the House listening to a debate, he looked up to find a man standing at the edge of the gallery rail, brandishing a pistol and demanding to be allowed to speak.

THERE were about 125 members on the floor of the House and 75 spectators in the gallery. Rep. Maas stood up, walked to a point directly below the man, and began speaking to him quietly. The man leveled his gun and, as the onlookers held their breath, threatened to fire. Rep. Maas continued to speak without flinching. "Throw down that gun!" he commanded. After some hesitation, the man obeyed, and a House policeman overpowered him.

But many of the Hero Fund stories end unhappily, made all the more poignant by ironic twists of fate. The story of Nicola Campanale of Worcester, Mass., is one.

Mr. Campanale, passing by the house of a friend, saw flames shooting from the second floor. He knew the friend and his wife were out, and that the children were asleep upstairs. Without waiting to sound an alarm, he rushed inside. The upper floor was a solid mass of smoke and flames. Mr. Campanale stumbled from room to room, searching for the children. Finally he was overcome, and died.

He never lived to learn that the entire family had been safely away from the structure before the fire broke out. For the families of such as Nicola Campanale, the Carnegie Hero Fund medal must have a special significance. On one side is the portrait of the founder; on the other is the well known passage which St. John gave us from another hero:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We are a group picture of you



Many people ask us, "What exactly is the Chamber of Commerce of the United States?"

We could answer by saying: "A federation of 3,200 local and state chambers of commerce and trade associations, and 21,000 firms and individuals."

That's the Chamber all right. But the description falls short. It doesn't begin to explain what breathes strength into this strong organization.

To understand that, you have to see the Chamber as sort of a group picture of yourself—a working multiple of you . . . if you had all the time in the world to devote to the good health of this sweet land of liberty.

Think of America for a moment as you do of your own home town. There you and other business men work together for civic improvement, better schools, adequate traffic and parking facilities, industrial development, better playgrounds, and many other projects in the public interest. You know that what is good for your local community is good for local business.

Thus it is with the country as a whole. If the future of America is good, business will be good.

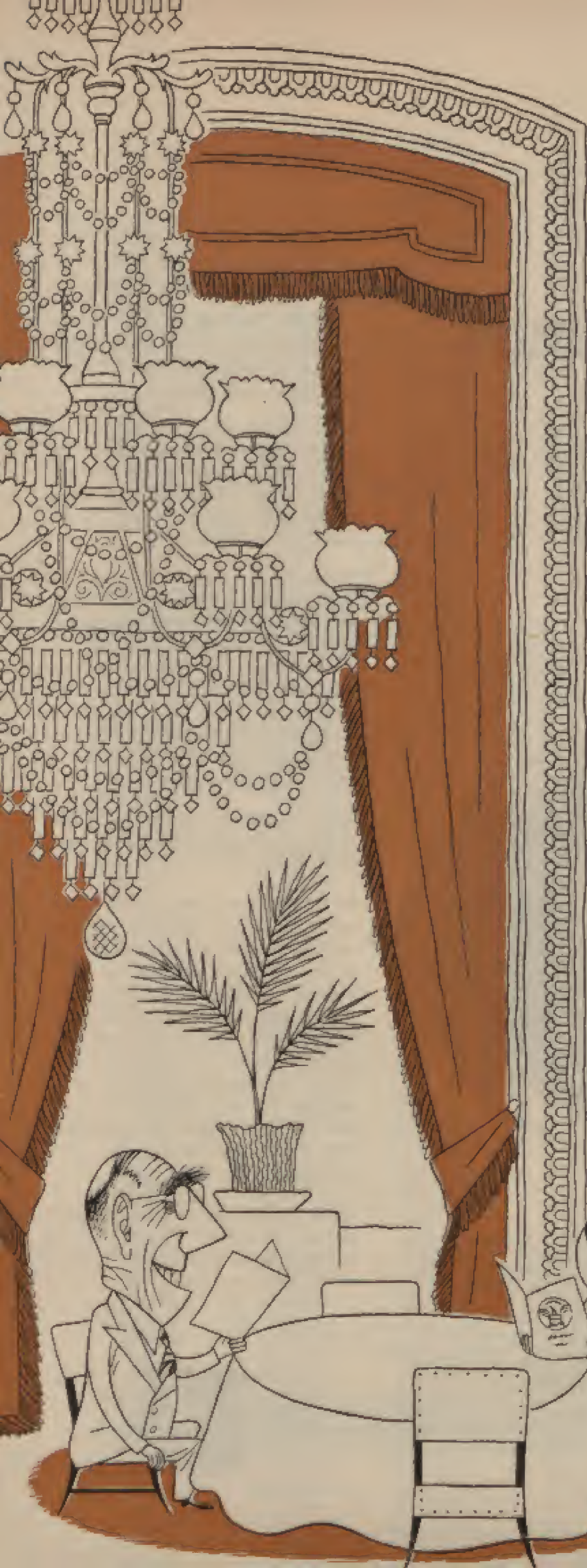
So the business of the National Chamber is everybody's business—economy and efficiency in the Government, better labor-management relations, an equitable tax system, a positive and constructive foreign policy, progressive social welfare plans that encourage individual initiative. At the same time, the Chamber works to maintain a stable economy—production and jobs at a high level—and to build a better public understanding of the successful American profit and loss system.

What the Chamber does about these things is a big story. We've tried to tell it simply in our Annual Report. By all means send for a copy.

A NATIONAL FEDERATION WORKING FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP,
GOOD GOVERNMENT AND GOOD BUSINESS



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



It's a privilege, **Senator**

By **ALFRED TOOMBS**

DURING an amiable Senate discussion of an \$11,500,000 appropriation for its own operation for the following year, Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois strolled on the floor of the chamber to disturb the serenity of the proceedings. He looked as if he had just stepped out of the barber's chair. Indeed, he informed the Senate, he had done just that—and now he was going to bite the hand that barbered him. With that, Senator Douglas introduced an amendment to the appropriation bill which would relieve the Treasury of the slight burden of supporting the Senate barbershop.

"After getting a much needed haircut," he said earnestly, "I reflected upon the fact that this was at the expense of the taxpayers and that our incomes are ample to enable us to pay for our own. The Senate barbershop is a very pleasant social club, but I do not think that we need it. Since we are imposing economy on others, I think the adoption of this amendment would be a good indication for us to give to the country that we are willing to make our own sacrifice."

For more than 100 years, the little three-chair barbershop in the Senate wing of the Capitol has been free to senators. By tradition, there is a shaving mug with each incumbent's name on it—and the mug is presented to him when he retires. Service is one of the privileges that goes with membership in what is often

Republicans and Democrats may dine in exclusive splendor—hidden from the public gaze

called the world's most exclusive club—and Senator Douglas' sally against the privilege was greeted with a brief, uncomfortable silence.

Although the shop is known to have 95 fairly regular customers, it appeared for a moment that none of the patrons was going to stand up on the Senate floor and defend government - subsidized barbering on principle. It fell to Sen. Carl Hayden of Arizona to catch this hot potato. Then, as chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, he acted as head of the club's house committee.

"I wish to compliment the senator on his excellent haircut," observed the Rules chairman happily.

THE sally was greeted with relieved laughter and he began to recall something of the shop's history. He remembered that, some years back, a newspaper columnist had hounded the Senate about its barbershop until the late Sen. William Borah had exploded:

"Tell that fellow to go to the devil. I want the same service that was received here by Clay and John C. Calhoun."

"Mr. President," Senator Douglas objected, "If I remember correctly, the portrait which hangs in the anteroom here would indicate that Calhoun seldom visited the barber."

But a few moments later the amendment to clip the barbers off the federal payroll failed—on a no-record voice vote. It was one matter, Margaret Chase Smith, the lady senator from Maine, remarked, on which she felt that she could be truly objective.

"I have never gotten a free haircut myself from the Senate barbershop and so I have a clear conscience," she stated. "But some day I may walk into the barbershop and sit down in one of the chairs just to see what the barbers will do."

Over the years, many senators have had a merry political time twitting the membership over the privileges of the club. Before the turn of the century, a Republican majority installed a luxurious marble bath. When the Democrats came into power, they made a great show of nailing shut the doors of the bath. Economy advocates carped for decades about the heavy deficit incurred in operating the Senate dining room so as to please the whims of 96 members. Finally, the Senate hired a contractor to operate the dining room—still at a loss to the Treasury, but in a more austere fashion. Only in 1951, the senators gave up the

There's a place for a plant in every man's office!



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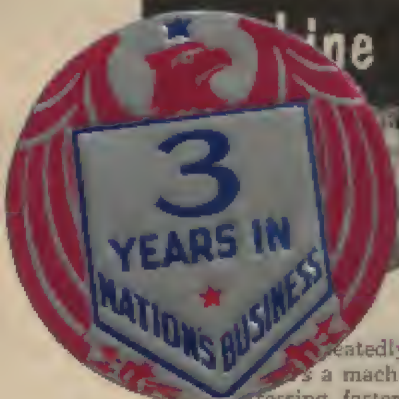
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bottled spring water which always had been in their offices and saved some \$12,000. Now the water, like free snuff, is available only in the Senate chamber.

Such curtailments of senatorial privileges are likely to make new members of the club count themselves among the underprivileged. Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois, who had been a ranking member of the House, found that, as a junior senator, he was getting cast-off furniture. In fact, Senator Dirksen told a Senate committee sadly, his office rug was full of holes. Sen. Herman Welker of Idaho put the complaint more vehemently:

"I had better carpeting in my doghouse in Idaho than I have in my workroom in the United States Capitol," he roared.

ONE senator testified that the only perquisite he had discovered in the Senate was the free haircut. Were he not so busy he might have discovered some of the other extraordinary privileges which—like the extraordinary headaches—go with membership in the club. These range from a refrigerator in every office to immunity from arrest while Congress is in session.

Actually, the club has its own medical staff, dining room, gymnasium and underground parking garage. Senators are also entitled to such assorted privileges as free picture framing, 300 minutes a month on the long distance phone, boxes in which to transport documents to their home states, potted plants from the Capitol's private hothouse, express service on the senators' own subway and the right to summon an elevator on the double by giving a certain signal.

Senators are understandably loath to allow the impression to get around that they loiter in luxury. They point out that the free aspirin they receive is needed to cure the headaches they may get when they walk into their offices and find perhaps 25,000 letters waiting for them. The financial burden is so heavy on some members that they actually have to do outside work to pay expenses.

Most of the so-called club privileges were established in the old days when a taxpayer's blood pressure was not so likely to rise at the sight of a governmental frill. In those days, for instance, the Senate dining room was operated to suit the tastes of gentlemen of the old school. There was a menu as long as a party platform, which included lobster from Maine, trout from Colorado, melons from California and even collards from

Georgia. Any item that a senator might want would be there—just in case. Actually, one senator was so insistent on bean soup that it has been included daily on the restaurant menu ever since.

At one time, when Sen. Philander Knox was the Senate's outstanding gourmet, he succeeded in establishing a pleasant outdoor buffet on a Capitol patio. The food was excellent, but eating conditions were something less than ideal. Correspondents in the press gallery above the patio persistently and irreverently flipped cigarettes out the windows into the senatorial soup. And when the Capitol's starlings discovered the place, that took care of that. Lunch went back indoors.

Hidden from public view today, there is a sanctum sanctorum where senators still exercise the privilege of eating in exclusive splendor. Republicans and Democrats sit at different tables in this dining room, which is off the public rooms of the Senate restaurant. They are served by waiters who have been coached for years in the art of not overhearing political conversations. Around these tables, the strong fraternal spirit which unites almost all senators gets its warmest expression.

The senators also have a number of private rooms in the Capitol where they can set up quiet, exclusive luncheons. They pay for the food which is sent up from the dining room. Some senators, when



they get exhausted by picking up the tabs for almost daily luncheons with hungry constituents, are known to flee to the privacy of their offices shortly after noon. There they grab a bag of homemade sandwiches out of their ice boxes and catch up on work while they munch.

The strain on senatorial hearts is one of the chief concerns of Dr. George Calver, who heads the Capitol medical staff. He stays on duty as long as the Senate is in session. Senators have access to the medical facilities in the big service hospitals without cost, but are required to pay a modest fee for food and incidentals.

A senator receives \$12,500 salary and \$2,500 expense money. He is

allowed up to \$50,000 base pay per year for his office force. Some senators don't need all of this, and turn some back to the Treasury. Others, however, find it necessary to use some of their own money to pay office help.

To senators from the large states, mail constitutes the biggest problem and one from which senatorial privilege cannot rescue them. Although they get franking privileges and free stationery, their small staffs and cramped quarters are not equipped to handle mail efficiently. Senator Douglas receives an average of 1,000 letters a day and Sen. Edward Martin of Pennsylvania has received as many as 50,000 letters at a time.

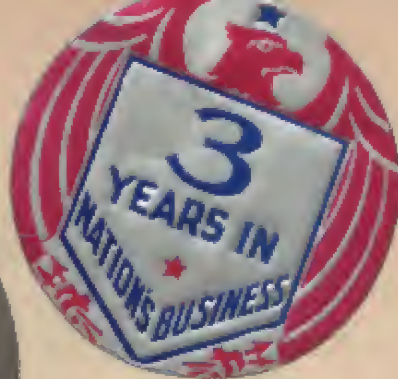
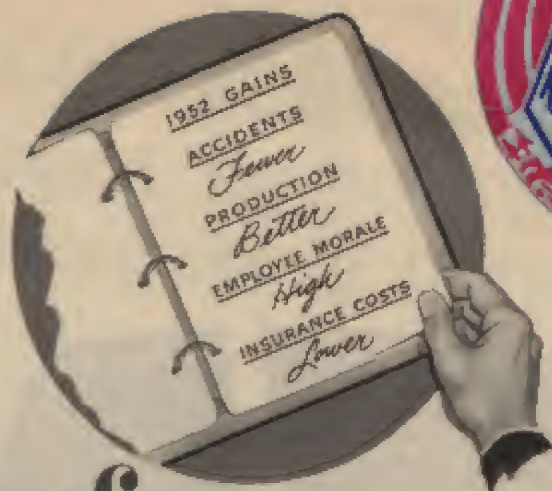
THE pressure of business limits the time which most senators can spend in the club gymnasium, where there is a swimming pool, steam bath, handball court and a masseur on duty. Senators Green of Rhode Island and Ellender of Louisiana have been among the most regular devotees of exercise. Others drop in occasionally to vent on the punching bag such emotions as they may have left over from debate on the floor.

Offices are assigned on the basis of seniority, without relation to the size of a senator's staff. Some, from small states, have acquired choice four-room suites, with one or two "hide-away" offices in the Capitol. Others with less seniority and large staffs are cramped into three-room suites. The complaints from the overcrowded senators became so insistent that land was cleared to build a new office building. Plans were drawn, but when they were presented to the Senate, trouble developed.

Up rose a wrathful Senator Ellender to charge that plans for this "palace of luxury" had been slipped through the Senate in the dead of night. He charged that the new office building, which would have included a two-floor garage, a swimming pool, television studios and all the trimmings, would cost \$50,000 for every person who would occupy an office. Senator Douglas joined the protest.

"I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord and live within our budget," he said, "than to dwell in this elaborate palace and require the nation to write a promissory note for our quarters."

The plans for the new office building were tucked away for a time. But there's one thing about senators' privileges—no one ever knows when some senator is going to want to abolish them.



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What Labor Leaders Want and Why

(Continued from page 27)

the fear of being left behind in the procession, probably accounts also for the increasing preoccupation of labor leaders with national and local politics. Under the influence of example, one union after another has abandoned traditional attitudes toward political activity. Except for the reluctant and half-hearted endorsement of Robert La Follette in 1924, the AFL in the latest presidential election for the first time boldly and enthusiastically registered its approval of one of the contending parties.

Mobilizing a union's political influence has now become standard practice, not alone because something may be gained from the use of organized political power but also because the exercise of political influence is now recognized as one of a union's normal activities.

IN addition to their extensive operations in the fields of economic and political policy, most union leaders are concerned with the problems of administration resulting from their multifarious and growing duties and functions. Leaders are under great stress to simplify administration without at the same time surrendering either objectives or power. This concern manifests itself not only in dealing with the internal problems of unions but also in relations with employers.

It happens that the solution hit upon by labor leaders is the same in both cases. It is the centralization of administrative and political authority. Such centralization is achieved much earlier in the conduct of union affairs than it is in dealing with business. But, in their relations with employers, the political leaders of unions have moved gradually, but inexorably, toward uniformity of labor contracts and have insisted on replacing, as they did in the Borg-Warner negotiations, a multiplicity of contracts with a single document, covering a variety of plants wherever situated and however diverse local conditions might be. Thus, in the management of labor relations, as in the management of union business, the policies of labor leaders are contributing to the growing concentration and centralization of authority.

The rise of labor political machines, the power they have gath-

ered, and the ways in which they use their power have raised and will continue to raise pressing and difficult questions of public policy. These arise mainly from the views the labor leader takes of his functions and authority. Though he knows he wields great power and what he does touches the public interest at many vital points, he conceives himself as a private individual running a private concern. He, and his associates, consequently resent interference from the outside, oppose restraints from whatever source, and consider intervention in union affairs a means of obstructing and weakening their progress toward the humanitarian objectives they deem to be the great goal of organized labor. Since he is certain about the purity and desirability of his purposes, he insists on opposing prohibitions of the methods he uses to effectuate these ends. It is this argument which is the basis of organized labor's hostility to the Taft-Hartley Act.

Whether they realize it or not, everything unions do, in their present state of organization and power, is charged with public concern and interest. It is the responsibility of government to guard the interests of employees, in unions and out. Only the public authorities can exercise the responsibility of maintaining law and order. When the policies of private organizations threaten the health of business and industry, it is the duty of the state to intervene and establish appropriate safeguards. The problem of the relation of government to private power is one of the oldest in history and it ought not to be unknown to the students of our own history. When the new Congress begins again to debate our labor law, it should keep clearly in mind the nature of this eternal struggle for supremacy between public and private interests.



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Farms for factories

L. W. RILEY

TYPICAL canebrake, woods and cotton terraces line the highway east from the old farming town of Pendleton, S. C., and then the view opens on a scene that could be Montana—cattle grazing on a wide sweep of grass. Such sights have become common in the South, but, in this case, instead of a farmhouse there's a long, cream-colored building. This is Deering, Milliken & Company's Gerrish-Milliken mill where they weave orlon and nylon and raise whiteface cattle.

Both mill and cattle are there for profit. Both are also assets to the neighborhood, the one through jobs, the other in demonstrating how to change from backbreaking row crops to beef. It is an attempt by industry to put the land about its property into profitable use, in this case cattle raising.

The Gerrish-Milliken building, like the seven other plants the company has built since 1940, has two kinds of air conditioning, one for thread, the other for people. Almost windowless, the tile-brick façade structure is unspooled by power line, coal heap or parking lot, all of which are out of sight.

But there is nothing fancy about the cattle in the surrounding meadow. Of the 300 animals in the growing herd, all but the few bulls are grades, and the bulls are of two breeds. Four men with a pickup truck and a tractor take care of the project.

Red-haired Roger Milliken, the company's 37-year-old president, wants just one thing to come from this dual mill and cattle operation—profit. He also has started two

other mill farms with a total acreage for the three of about 2,000. The fact that the cattle are grades brings no blush to his cheek if they will make money.

The chief expert on profits is Edward Whitson Simpson, Jr., an energetic wartime Navy pilot who came in '48 to landscape the place and stayed. According to Mr. Simpson, the company should be able to handle one head of beef per acre of grass with an annual profit of perhaps \$100 a head. This is a ten to 15 per cent return on the investment. And that, to use the vernacular, isn't hay, which commodity, by the way, is frowned on by exponents of the new 365-day grazing methods of southern beef culture.

Even so, why does a conservative old firm like Deering, Milliken bother? As producer of more than 600,000,000 yards of goods a year, what does the company want with cows?

The answer is in the firm's conservatism. A Milliken mill is built as a permanent part of the community (one has been going for 87 years), not with the idea of taking a quick profit and pulling out. The company likes well built plants with pleasant surroundings and local good will. It prefers to locate in the country. That is where the cows come in.

"There's a real advantage," Mr. Milliken says, "to having our workers live on farms because it means that they have the added security of a piece of land."

To keep speculators from creating temporary villages near the

mills, the firm buys large sites and, as an added precaution, carefully checks each location. The Gerrish-Milliken mill, for instance, is next to a golf course; the Excelsior finishing plant nearby adjoins Clemson Agricultural College's 40,000-acre game preserve.

On such sites, cattle are an obvious choice. They clip the grass and cultivate good will.

Enseoned in farms that way, the mills come as close to not being there as a mill can get. The Gerrish-Milliken mill, all clack and bustle inside, looks like a quiet park from the outside. There is no sign on the main road to tell anyone what it is. The finishing plant is on a back road. It is so little publicized that a man can drive around Pendleton for an hour without finding it. The sign on the farm pickup truck is just about the largest company sign in town.

Milliken executives find more entertainment in the farms than they would in landscaped lawns. The view is quiet, restful. The farms are something to show visiting businessmen.

Mr. Milliken himself, on his trips south out of New York, never misses a chance to see what is doing on the agricultural side.

The initial cost of the farms was not high. The cows were bought as heifers at local auctions and in the West. For an idea on land preparation, take the newest farm, the one at the Gayley Mill in Marietta some 30 miles to the north. The mill and its 1,000 acres cost \$4,000,000, of which the tentative budget for landscaping the first 300 acres was \$30,000. Actual expenditure per acre has run about \$62, the state average.

Mr. Simpson's farm department, after starting out with the Gerrish-Milliken Mill, is now on the payroll of Milliken's Excelsior Mills with Excelsior renting the Gerrish-Milliken pasture. These esoteric matters are clear only to the New York office which does all cattle accounting and which has become as steep as about tracking down a steer as about tracing a bolt of cloth.

Meanwhile the cattle project is on the plus side in human relations. Government agencies helped with advice, but the main credit goes to private industry moving into the rural areas of its own accord and using some profit-prompted ingenuity.

"We felt we could make a contribution to the community," says Mr. Milliken. But it is a contribution to warm the cockles of a stockholder's heart.—ANNA M. COIT

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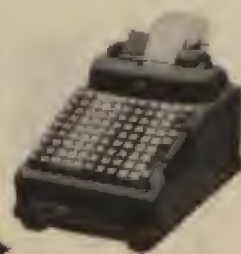
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New People, New Markets, New Problems

(Continued from page 29)

difficulty depends entirely upon the foresight and resourcefulness of the nation's leaders.

The J. Walter Thompson Company, advertising agency, has gone deeply into the economic implications created by our fecundity. Vergil D. Reed, associate director of research, is preparing a book which seeks to isolate certain factors and show where the demands will be and the means necessary to supply them. In a recent speech to the American Chamber of Commerce Executives he said:

"Far from having reached the economic maturity, or the hopeless senility attributed to it in the '30's, our economy has just outgrown the awkward, self-conscious age of puberty. A tremendous amount of growth lies ahead. I think of it constantly as our adolescent economy. Strangely, many business and government leaders—and professors of economics, too—have grossly underestimated the vitality, stamina and potentialities of the American economy. That has been true in the past. It is equally true today, when many are seemingly so busy looking for the hidden weaknesses that they persist in overlooking the obvious strengths. But faith based on facts rather than on blind optimism, not to mention blind pessimism, has in store for us wonderful future opportunities—if management, labor and government use even a modicum of their joint intelligence and combined effort. The hammer of

faith in America will outlast many anvils of doubt. In fact, our economy is so strong that it has grown miraculously in spite of many mistakes by management, labor and government alike. It will continue to do so and the fewer the mistakes the faster it will grow."

The challenge to be met is an awe-inspiring one. In many quarters it catches us badly off balance. There is no telling how many American cities have been caught with their populations down, because of projections colored by the gloom of the '30's.

In 1945, for example, the City Planning Commission of Wichita, Kans., employed a firm of planning engineers to look ahead. The estimate for 1970 was for a population of 158,480 (low) or 169,550 (high). The low figure had been passed by April 1, 1950, and the city was within 2,000 of reaching the high.

Cincinnati's 1970 metropolitan area projection was for 769,576; in 1950 it had been exceeded by 34,000. Flint, Mich., planning for a metropolitan area population of 255,000 in 1970, had 270,000 inhabitants in 1950.

Since people will live where they can most comfortably be housed and where their children can be properly educated, the tasks of expansion which virtually every community faces are herculean. The vast number of children offers a giant's conundrum in itself.

By 1956 we will have underfoot some 18,000,000 moppets between

the ages of five and nine. This is 7,000,000 more than the first peace year, 4,000,000 more than at present. In each of the next two years more than 1,000,000 additional children will be enrolled in elementary schools.

The child population is all consumer. It produces nothing tangible. It must be fed, clothed, housed, doctored, educated and amused. School construction and the recruitment of the teachers are lagging, even though the present condition was indicated as far back as 1941. City planners failed to realize then—or if they did were still too conscious of the depression fears—that new schools had to be built, and quickly.

Cousin to school construction is housing. In the '20's some 700,000 nonfarm dwelling units were built annually. In the '30's this figure dropped to 270,000. The war years brought a fantastic boom, with 1,100,000 units a year. The boom is by no means ended. Excluding public housing projects, experts feel we will need 750,000 units a year for some time to come, because of the obsolescence of hastily built wartime structures, expansion of small units and a growing trend toward suburban living.

Another factor entering importantly into the economic picture is the needs of our older citizens. There will be more opportunity for the mature worker in this decade and early in the next, when the high school ages are going to be dominant, because of an actual shortage in young men entering industry. By 1960 we will have 15,500,000 persons more than 65, and they must be given consideration.

Writing in the *Harvard Business Review*, Peter F. Drucker took management to task for its failure to utilize older workers properly. He declared policies are obsolete in this regard, and argued that the seasoned older worker is as valuable as the slam-bang youngster, compensating with his skill for whatever speed his years may have cost him.

Little has been done for those of retirement age. New York has taken a step, providing that five per cent of all state low-rent housing will be designed for older residents. Apartments will face the sunny side, will have safety bathrooms with nonskid floors and handles at the tub, kitchens designed for a minimum of reach, stoop and travel and many other features.

As pension and retirement funds continue to be liberalized, this segment of the population will constitute an important market—pro-



vided inflation is held in check. But if inflation grows, it will strike hardest at those with fixed, modest incomes; if it goes beyond control, public support of our oldsters will be necessary.

The over-all economic picture is fabulous. Take, as a starter, the matter of feeding this huge population. The Department of Agriculture says we will need 20 per cent more of everything by 1975. This translates into 5,500,000,000 pounds of meat, 30,000,000,000 pounds of milk and 15,000,000,000 eggs. Agricultural authorities add reassuringly, however, that this quota can be met without adding to present acreage, if feed, seed and breeding are improved, more machines and fertilizer used and greater efficiency is brought into handling.

The industrial maw is equally ravenous. Prof. Summer Slichter of Harvard looks ahead to 1980:

"The output of goods and services of the American economy, which was \$246,700,000,000 in 1948, will be at least \$416,000,000,000 (in terms of present prices) and it is more likely to be considerably larger—probably in excess of \$550,000,000,000 a year. The lower estimate would mean an annual output of nearly \$5,744 per worker, or roughly \$2,377 per capita. In 1948 the



output of goods and services was about \$4,065 per worker, or \$1,684 per capita.

"People will have far more leisure and will consume at least 50 per cent more per capita than now, and probably 75 to 100 per cent more."

The population doubled in the first 50 years of this century. Production figures went far beyond. Over-all production increased 372 per cent, materials consumption 153, minerals consumption nearly 600. We are now burning up two and one-half times as much bituminous coal as we did in 1900, 26 times as much natural gas and 30 times as much crude oil.

And there, in brief, it is. We are in for a time when we must digest growth, and only a dynamic economy will serve. Detailed predictions as to the economic future are impossible, for at any moment the country may put on blackface again and confound the statistics with the coy statement:

"I'se Topsy. I just growed."

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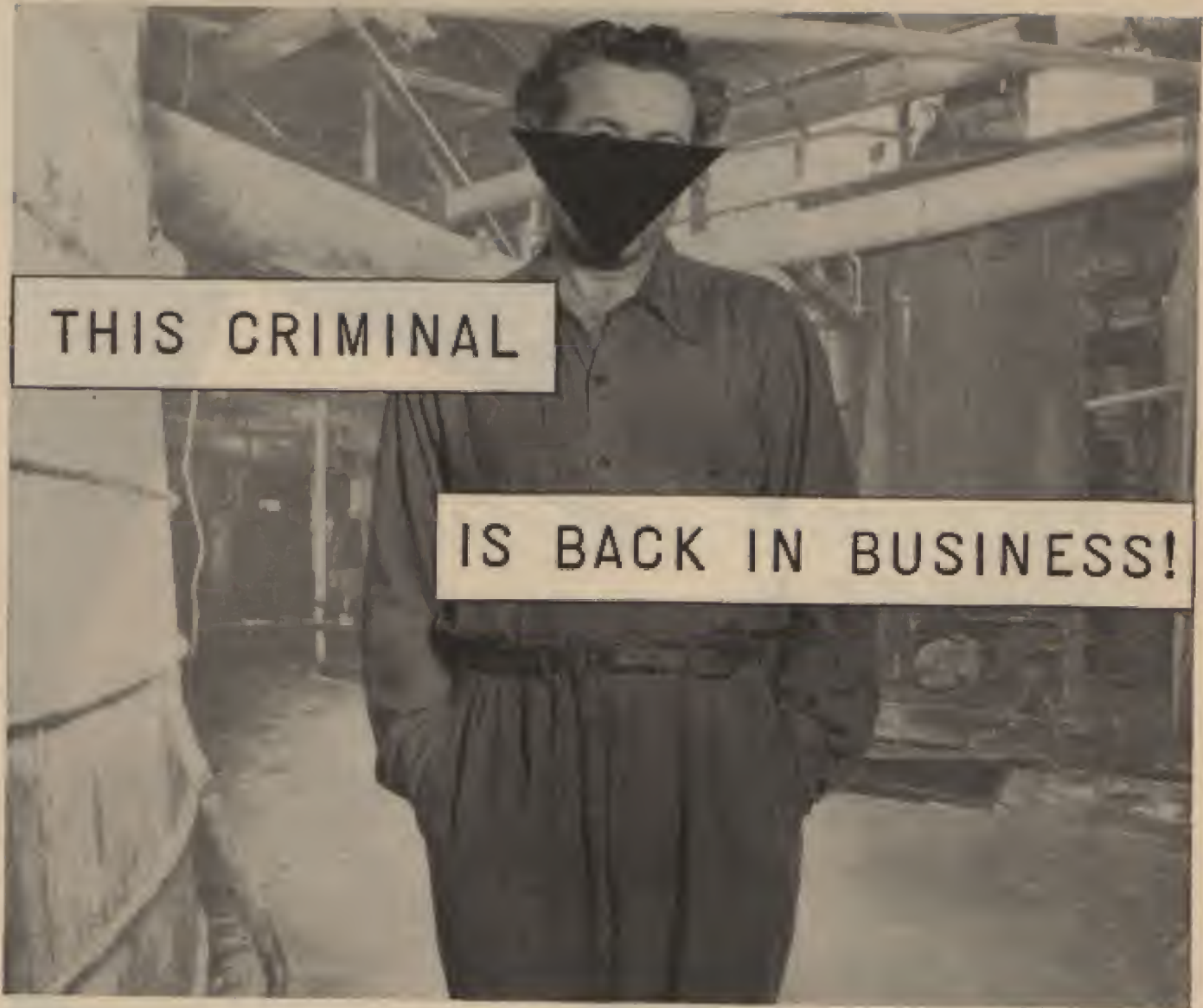
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*Excessive liquor taxes have made bootlegging
a hugely profitable "big city" racket*

This man is a bootlegger. There are thousands of him around these days, and there'll be thousands more unless the Federal Excise Tax on distilled spirits is reduced, because of two hard, simple facts:

The first fact is that his kind of crime *does* pay, and the penalty upon conviction isn't stiff enough. Bootlegging pays such tremendous profits that big-city criminals, backed by gangster bank-rolls that can finance huge stills, warehouses, trucks and salesmen have moved in. It can't *help* but pay... with a "tax advantage" of \$28.49 a case*.

*12 "fifths" of 86.8 proof whiskey

That's over half the average retail price of a case of legally distilled whiskey!

The second fact is that this highly profitable crime breeds other crimes. Prohibition proved that graft, corruption, bribery, gang wars, disregard for law and order, all inevitably follow in bootlegging's wake.

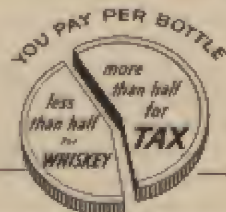
No sensible American wants to return to the tragic farce of 1920-1933. No sensible American wants to pay a tax rate so high it keeps crooks prosperous.

The legal distilling industry advocates bigger penalties, more law enforcement agents, and a fair and realistic tax rate of

\$6.00 a gallon as the most effective means of making bootlegging less attractive to the criminals engaged in it.

The present \$10.50 per gallon Federal Excise Tax on distilled spirits, the seventh increase since Repeal, became effective November 1, 1951. For what happened during its first full year, read the "Tax Arithmetic" column at the right.

Then ask yourself: "Who *really* won?"
You're looking at his picture, up above.





TAX ARITHMETIC

When you pay around \$4.27* for a "fifth" of your favorite whiskey, you actually pay about \$1.89 for the whiskey itself, about \$2.38 more in Federal, State and local taxes.

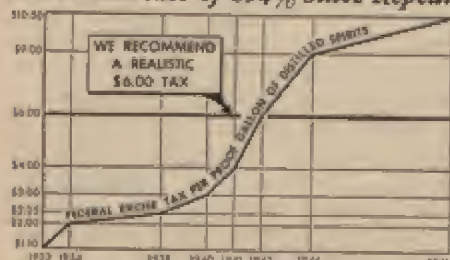
That's like paying a "sales tax" of 125% on the merchandise! Taxes take over half of your liquor dollar!

Today, after a full year of this highest of all U. S. tax burdens, here's the record...

- ... You paid \$237 million more in liquor taxes when the Federal rate was increased from \$9.00 to \$10.50 a gallon.
- ... Your Federal Government did not gain the \$188 million that advisors to Congress predicted, because consumption of legal liquor went 'way down. It gained only \$30 million in liquor excise revenue... an increase of less than 2%.
- ... Your Federal Government lost about \$40 million in corporate income taxes as profits declined with drastically falling liquor sales.
- ... Your Federal Government lost additional millions in personal income taxes as distillers, wholesalers, retailers and suppliers cut their payrolls and dividends.
- ... Your State Governments lost approximately \$35 million in liquor tax revenue... money badly needed for welfare and other vital state programs.

Bootleggers had additional reason to flout the law. In 1951 alone, authorities with lamentably inadequate staffs were able to seize 20,402 illegal stills. No one knows how many thousands more escaped seizure.

A Tax Increase of 854% Since Repeal!



The \$10.50 Federal tax, effective Nov. 1, 1951, plus an average of \$2.80 a gallon more in other taxes, makes whiskey the highest-taxed of all merchandise.

Distilled Spirits vs. All Other Excise-Taxed Products—1939-1951

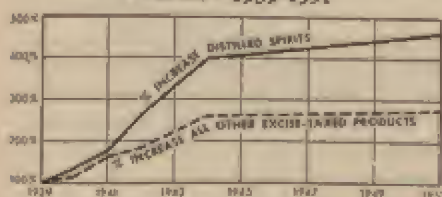


Chart above shows what's happened to distilled spirits vs. all other excise-taxed products and services since 1939. The \$6.00 rate proposed by the distilling industry is still higher than the average increase imposed on other excise-taxed products.

*The average national retail price

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

The Price of Unsound Business Taxes

(Continued from page 34)

New York City these views were dramatically corroborated when the welfare commissioner charged the state with applying to its general funds federal aid tabbed for municipal relief needs.

Only time will tell whether these cuts will actually be made. According to Mr. Magill, new congressional committees will examine the tax picture for the next several months before introducing their new legislation between spring and early fall.

What he and other experts hope is that the next tax bill will be prepared in terms of what is economically desirable for the country and how this may be achieved through a revised tax program.

Specifically, Mr. Magill recommends the excess profits tax and the ten per cent hike in personal income taxes be allowed to expire on their termination dates as a sign of good faith and belief in the need for an eventual sharp reduction; lapsing of the corporate income tax increase of 1951, for "in a free-enterprise economy, the Government should not take more of a corporate taxpayer's earnings than it may keep for itself and its shareholders," and, finally, a sensible renovation of outmoded excise taxes.

Added to this are the more technical proposals offered by the American Institute of Accountants. In response to an invitation from the Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation to submit suggestions for improving the tax machinery, the accountants have come forth with 58 recommendations all based on sound accounting practice. These include relief for businessmen in evaluating inventories, more time to prepare tax returns, and better

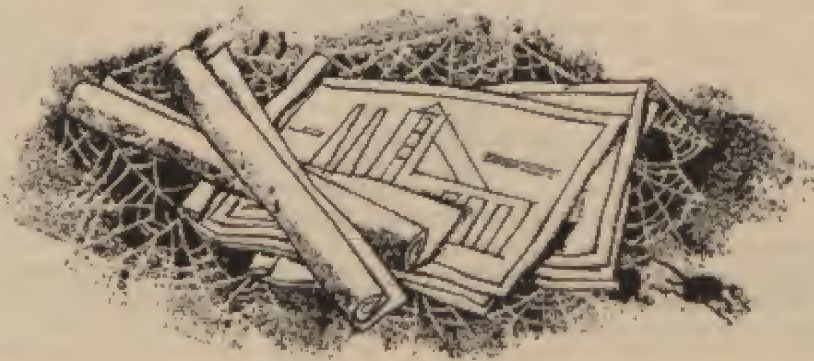
opportunities to accumulate corporate surpluses.

More important perhaps, the accountants espouse a more liberal acceptance of depreciation rates determined by taxpayers themselves. As long as businessmen stick to a consistent depreciation schedule from year to year, they are in the best position to work out a write-off schedule fair to all. As one tax attorney noted, only a fool would insist on depreciating everything in one year. A responsible businessman will look for the proper balance between stable income, the benefits of depreciation and the desire to replace facilities.

All these conclusions may receive congressional thought in the months ahead. There are also suggestions from the accountants' Committee on Long-range Tax Policy, headed by J. B. Seidman. These dangle the possibility of basing taxes on a firm's average earnings over the years to wipe out the disparities of wide fluctuation each year. They also point the way to wiping out the tax collector's prejudice against small corporations in comparison with partnerships.

Like being against sin, everybody believes in the need for lower taxes and a sounder tax policy. Colin Clark, an Australian economist, finds that when all taxes eat up more than 25 cents on the dollar in a peacetime era in a non-totalitarian state, the tax system gives inflation a shot in the arm.

With the total state, local and federal tax take in the U. S. now above the 30-cent mark, Sen. Eugene D. Millikin of Colorado has said: "I should love to see a bill passed that would reduce taxes. But it would be irresponsible to discuss tax legislation until we see what we have to cover with the budget."





Old gowns for new brides

By E. C. K. READ

*Keeping grandma's wedding dress
in good shape for additional trips to the altar
creates a romantic business*

AT A recent wedding in Worcester, Mass., the young lady was led to the altar by a retinue of bridesmaids, given away by her father, kissed by her husband, and duly proclaimed a "lovely bride" in the silk, satin and lace her grandmother had worn half a century before. But she was largely the creation of a man who wasn't there—John Van Drill.

Mr. Van Drill had engineered the ticklish job of restoring the bride's gown, grown old and delicate since its first marriage in 1903. Grooming old gowns for new brides is a specialty of his firm, the Le Boeuf

Company of East Orange, N. J.

Founded in 1867 by Gustave Le Boeuf, the company is one of the country's oldest dry cleaning and dyeing establishments. The bridal service division added by Mr. Van Drill three years ago now breathes new life into more than 1,000 gowns a year.

Gowns come from as far away as Poland, France and Sweden—to say nothing of Double Springs, Ala., and Yuba City, Calif. Some are of recent vintage, of course, but the real challengers are the heirlooms that go back as far as 95 years.

Working with fragile fabrics—

new or ancient—is a touchy business. There are accordingly no freshmen in Mr. Van Drill's employ. Macoy Kimbrough, who heads bridal gown work, has been doing fancy cleaning and finishing for Le Boeuf for 27 years. Among others, Annie Johnson has been there 25 years; Lily Wilson, 28 years; Ruth Cooke, 15; Mr. Van Drill himself, 22.

This crew is equipped with microscopes (to study fabric structure), light meters (to determine true whiteness), some 200 chemicals, and a fleet of curious irons—but native skill is more than half the battle.

Mr. Kimbrough knows textile chemistry, but he can troubleshoot with his nose. He can test for beer, wine or mustard in stains by recreating their smells with a dash of steam. To restore the original sheen and luster to a small area of fabric, he will occasionally touch the side of his nose and apply to the dress the minute amount of skin oil that clings to his finger. "A premium grade, that oil," says Mac. "Makes very fine sizing."

From his point of view, the worst features of a wedding are flowers and confetti. Tannin stains from corsages and the dye that runs from wet confetti are headaches for cleaners—more so than the usual champagne, cocktails, coffee and scuffings of floor wax. Perspiration that has been allowed to "set" for six months or more is also a tough proposition. But Le Boeuf has never turned down a job, unless the cloth was crumbling. One of its mailing pieces says, "No matter how soiled, how stained, or how old, we can process your gown to look like new again."

Brides or brides' mothers, who often learn of the service through bridal consultants in department stores, have only to phone or send a postcard, whereupon a protective case for the gown arrives.

The next time the customer sees the gown it is being delivered in a moisture-proof vinylite case tucked inside a white bridal box.

There's no hurry about the wedding. If the gown has just been through one and has to wait a generation for the next, Mr. Van Drill says it will keep at least that long in the inner case. In the meantime, it can be eyed fondly through the transparent vinylite.

What the gown has gone through to regain its pristine beauty is partially top secret. Mr. Van Drill's technique does not involve chemicals unknown to the trade, he says, but only a knowledge of when and how to use them that goes back to

founder Gustave Le Boeuf. His real formula "X" is a preservative treatment which makes a gown anti-mildew, anti-moth, anti-rust, anti-rot, and anti-mouse.

The anti-mouse part of it is important because mice are fond of nesting in, and dining on, stored clothes. Mr. Van Drill discovered this protective feature himself in the course of trying to defeat a couple of mice who were chewing up the gummed backs of a pile of booklets in his office. Taking a long shot, he tried painting every other booklet with the preservative and found that the mice skipped over them the next night.

THE preservative is one of the last processing steps, however. The 50-year-old dress for the Worcester wedding, for example, was first checked with litmus paper to see if perspiration stains were acid or alkaline. Found alkaline, the stains were removed and the areas neutralized with five per cent acetic acid. The next problem was a series of reddish-brown spots about the size of 25-cent pieces. Neutralized first with lukewarm distilled water, these resisted three per cent and stronger solutions of ammonia. The ammonia in turn was neutralized with acetic acid and, further study having indicated the presence of iron, Mr. Van Drill's crew took out practically all the discoloration with hydrofluoric acid.

Mac Kimbrough moved in then with a hand-cleaning job, using Le Boeuf's own mixture of oleic acid, alcohol, ammonia and benzol. The secret preservative treatment followed, together with an oil sizing to restore the feel of the satin.

Finally, after dressmakers had overhauled buttons, beads and seams, the finishers—Annie, Lily, Ruth and the rest—brought the gown to life with their assortment of hand and puff irons. Using steam under various pressures and temperatures, these women can make old shirring and fluting look as if it were born yesterday.

For this kind of custom-tailored resuscitation, Mr. Van Drill usually charges from \$18 to \$25 per gown. But, if the customer values her dress at more than \$250, the price is 15 per cent of valuation.

In any case, he enjoys a growing market—300 gowns the first year, 1,125 the second, and the promise of nearly 3,000 in the current fiscal year. For one thing, few cleaners want to tackle this delicate work and pin a guarantee on it, too. For another thing, most women feel that a wedding gown is . . . well, something you get married in.

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Congress' Store of Facts

(Continued from page 31)

all-encompassing summary. Two days later a Texan requested a digest of all the reasons why the project should not be built. Both outlines were eventually incorporated in speeches delivered on the House floor.

Perhaps a classic illustration of this intellectual versatility occurred a few years ago when Senator—then Representative—Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois asked LRS to prepare a pamphlet on the history and philosophy of Communism. Before the job was finished, Rep. Wright Patman of Texas was asking for a similar study of Fascism.

Both booklets were prepared—"Communism in Action" and "Fascism in Action." Both were hailed as fine, impartial works on these subjects, have been through several printings and are still in great demand.

THE questions sent to LRS aren't all on burning topics, however, and many an offbeat congressional SOS has added spice to the fact-finding grind of its staff. Constituents do not hesitate to ask congressmen anything.

There was a letter relayed by a senator not long ago in which an earnest constituent with a small nest egg wanted some advice on how to invest it. He explained that he was considering two different projects and would appreciate knowing whether they were legal in his home state and, if they were legal, just how he should go about getting started. The first enterprise he had under consideration was a lonely hearts club to promote romance among unattached men and women. The alternative was selling horse meat to dog owners.

Some of the questions submitted are deceptively simple but they may cause a great deal of work for researchers. Like one congressman's request for the names of the players on each all-American soccer team since 1940, or the request for a copy of the oath taken by initiates into a certain organization. Or the senator who needed a speech to commemorate the birthday of former Czech President Thomas G. Masaryk, and his colleague who wanted a few appropriate remarks to use in crowning an apple queen.

An Ohio congressman almost stumped the experts with a query from a housewife who wanted to

know what federal agency bought human hair. And they still haven't been able to help a Florida lawmaker settle a bet for two businessmen as to which Florida inlet is the resting place of a broken boiler thrown overboard in mid-battle by a Civil War Coast Guard cutter.

Boss of this intellectual assembly line is Dr. Ernest S. Griffith, a 56-year-old New Yorker who was dean of American University's graduate school before LRS, in 1940, pulled him from the halls of ivy to the halls of Congress. A former Rhodes Scholar with a Ph.D. from Oxford, Dr. Griffith returned last fall from a year's Fulbright appointment in England, where he lectured at Oxford on U. S. Government and foreign policy. Tall and mild-mannered, he is an expert at tennis, basketball, mountain climbing—and giving congressmen what they need.

Dr. Griffith likes to refer to a statement made by Pulitzer Prize poet Archibald MacLeish when, as Librarian of Congress, Mr. MacLeish asked Congress for funds to build up LRS.

"Members of Congress," he said, "should be able to call upon scholarly research and counsel at least equal in competence to the

research and counsel relied upon by those who appear before congressional committees. Neither the representatives of American business nor the representatives of the various departments of Government should be able to draw upon expert opinion superior to the expert opinion available to the Congress."

Many a member of Congress tosses aside a carefully written analysis of a bothersome problem in favor of a face-to-face session with an LRS specialist. Then the LRS farm expert—or tax expert, or atomic energy expert, or tidelands expert—drops in at the lawmaker's office. He and the congressman wrestle with facts and figures until they have cleared away the confusion which occasioned the call for help.

"Our aim," says Dr. Griffith, "is to have our man talk to a congressman for three or four hours, if necessary, and leave the congressman asking himself, 'Now what slide was that guy on, anyway?'"

LRS staff members put few limitations on their services to Congress. They refuse, however, to answer questions involved in commercially sponsored guessing contests. A while back they discovered that large numbers of shrewd citizens were writing to their congressmen for such information. Then the lid was put on and a staffer was given the job of keeping track of



"It's the latest thing to go with the horsetail hair-do"

the questions the sponsors want answered. A blacklist is kept of such questions.

LRS has been tucked away in a corner of the Library of Congress, across the lawn from the Capitol, since 1915 when it was set up informally at the instigation of Sen. Robert M. LaFollette, Sr. For many years it led a hand-to-mouth existence, doing routine legal indexing, summarizing press reports and digging up data on foreign laws. Some of its key men were paid as little as \$2,600 a year.

Then the Reorganization Act of 1946 recognized the lawmakers' increasing need for speedy, expert advice and information. The Act increased salary scales and authorized the appointment of ten to 20 "senior specialists"—topflight men in such fields as banking, labor, foreign affairs, government, agriculture and business. The senior specialists, drawing pay as high as \$11,800 a year, are the backbone of the service's present staff of 150.

THE layout, on the first two floors of the Library, includes some fairly swank offices for the top administrative staff, two dozen or more cubicles for the research people, and an elaborate filing room housing hundreds of basic reference volumes, thousands of government publications and a substantial morgue of clippings from more than 400 newspapers and magazines. It also boasts a reading room where congressmen can do their own research and where a late shift of LRS experts answers spot queries far into the night.

About 90 per cent of the congressional brain-teasers come in by telephone, most of the remainder by mail. Occasionally, though, a member will bring his problem in person.

Queries go to a receiving unit consisting of several persons surrounded by dictionaries, encyclopedias and other reference works. This forward defense screens out the easy ones. If the question is too big for on-the-spot handling, it is typed and passed on to the appropriate expert. A random run-through of recent requests reveals why LRS staff people say their work is never monotonous.

What are the procedures for changing the government in Great Britain and Canada? What is the circulation of the New York Times? Summarize the history of the campaign to wipe out foot-and-mouth disease in livestock. What are the public debts, national incomes and per capita incomes of all foreign



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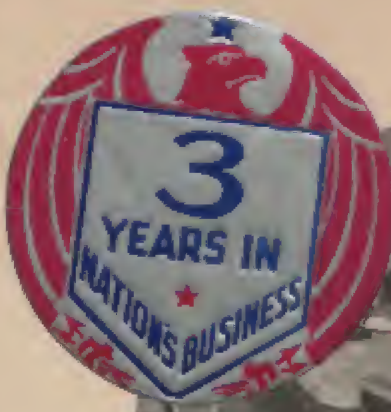
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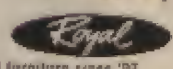
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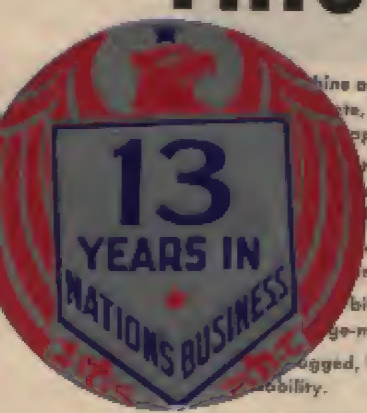
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countries? How can you change the sex of a chicken?

The questions come in increasing numbers and growing complexity. Compared to a meager 269 in 1915 and a modest 14,451 in 1945, LRS last year answered and reported on more than 50,000 questions. This year it will handle close to 60,000 at a cost to the taxpayers of about \$800,000.

DIRECTOR Griffith believes that his agency's insistence on impartiality is a major reason for the recent increase in LRS business. Another factor has been the Washington "telephone run-around." Congressmen—and everybody else dealing with the Government—find that when they try to track down information in a government department they are likely to get switched from one "expert" to another until, after several switches, they find themselves back where they started. Therefore, the legislators find it easier to put through just one call to LRS. The service boasts that every member of the last Congress used its services at least once. Ninety-nine per cent of



the members use it ten or more times a session, and a few fans submit as many as 400 questions a year.

Many queries on currently hot



was a university economics professor, a member of the research staff of President Hoover's Commission on Recent Social Trends, and an editor of the "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences." He has been a key official of the National Recovery Administration, the Prison Industries Commission, the wage-hour division of the Department of Labor and the War Production Board.

LRS has just one translator, Elizabeth Hanunian, but she works in nine languages — Norwegian, Swedish, Portuguese, Spanish, French, German, Danish, Dutch, and Italian. A high point last year was her translation of a monumental stack of documents for a House committee investigating the Katyn Forest massacre.

LRS experts are sometimes wooed to full-time duty at the Capitol itself. Although such a transaction is technically a loan, it is often a long-term affair. Former Senate Foreign Relations Chairman Tom Connally, a Democrat, thought so well of Dr. Francis O. Wilcox, the service's foreign affairs expert, that he took Dr. Wilcox with him as an adviser to the San Francisco meeting at which the United Nations was born. The late Sen. Arthur Vandenberg then borrowed Dr. Wilcox for the Foreign Relations Committee staff when the Republicans took control in the Eightieth Congress. In the ultimate testimonial to the impartiality of LRS experts, Senator Connally kept Dr. Wilcox on the committee staff when the Democrats regained control of Congress two years later.

Charles Cugan, the LRS public works expert, assisted a House subcommittee surveying the need for new flood control and river and harbor projects.

If there is anything that drives LRS staffers into other jobs, it is the task of ghostwriting speeches. Such national institutions as the fourth of July, commencement season and Washington's birthday regularly bring a shower of requests for speeches.

Sometimes ghostwriting can be fun, though. Staffers like to recall how LRS rose to the occasion when a southern congressman revealed an urgent need for an original poem to commemorate the birth of triplets in his district.

As always, LRS responded. The next day the congressman proudly recited a poem, the work of an anonymous LRS worker, which began with this line:

"Hail, thrice blessed morn...



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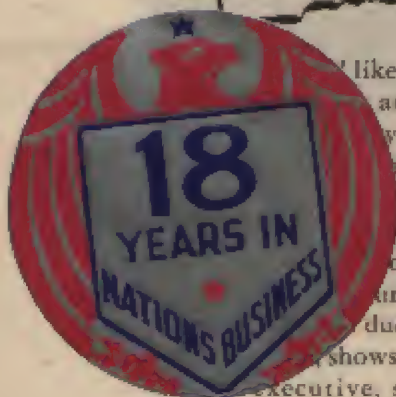
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By _____ NR-7-5.1

(Continued from page 37)

Commercial operators: Owners

Today, parking as a business often outbids would-be office or store builders for purchase or lease of land, paying upwards of \$25 per square foot purchase price and leasing for as high as \$2.50 a year. The industry has organized recently on a national scale under the National Parking Association, Inc. Its president, B. M. Stanton of Norfolk, Va., gained a national



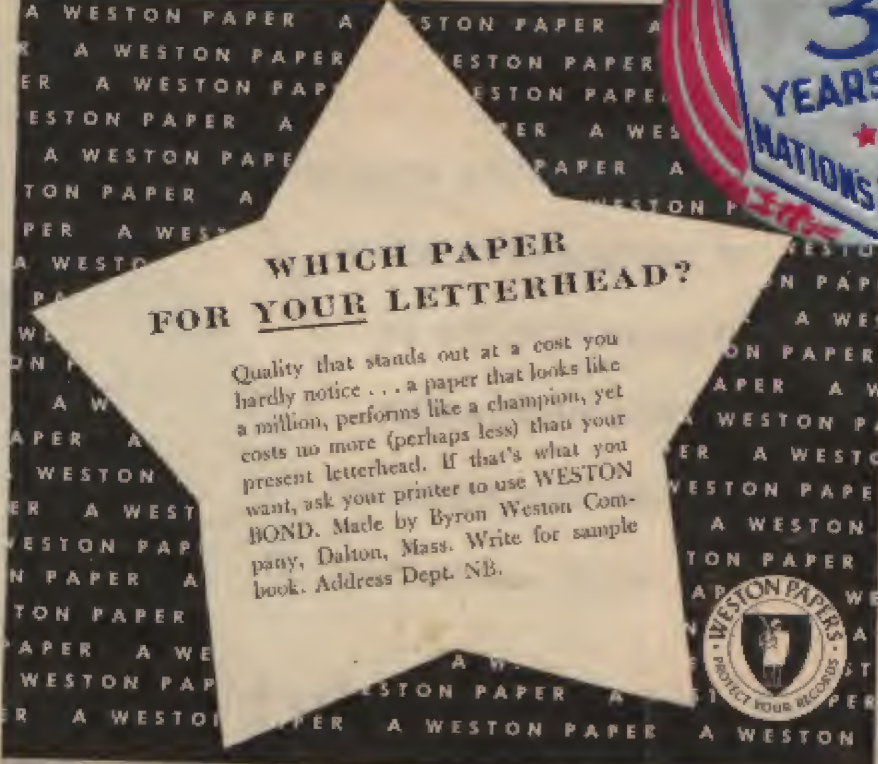
reputation among his brethren by fighting off efforts by his own city to engulf him in a city-owned parking system.

A University of Michigan graduate, Mr. Stanton started in business as a service station operator. Sensing the coming market for automobile storage as well as servicing, he bought a fire-razed property in 1941 and converted it into his first parking venture. Now he owns five lots and leases two more, which he has hung onto in the face of a city move to take his business away from him. His four-year fight ended only when a referendum vote repealed the municipal parking ordinance that would have put him and other Norfolk parking operators out of business.

IN Chicago, Joseph Berger, president of the local parking operator's association, faces a similar fight. In the early 1930's, Berger, then a young lawyer, was retained to negotiate a lease with the owners of a dilapidated building in the Loop so that a parking station could be erected. After extensive investigation, involving traffic counts and a careful look at the number of customer cars that Marshall Field was shuttling across the Chicago River for its parking-starved customers, Mr. Berger negotiated the lease, guaranteeing the owner a 3¾ per cent return yearly on his investment, valued then at \$1,300,000. The obsolete structure was replaced with a modern parking building with restaurant and other store facilities on the sidewalk frontage. Recently a new 30-year lease was signed at a higher rate and the structure enlarged to a 425-car capacity, representing a \$500,000 investment in structures alone.

But now Chicago's new parking authority wants to acquire this facility and others and absorb them into a city-owned system. Mr. Berger terms this "socialized parking." The big municipal plan envisions owning and operating six multilevel garages in the Loop, providing 4,960 car spaces by the end of 1954. The plan also includes eight parking lots to be developed in other parts of the city. A city ordinance authorizes an expenditure of \$50,000,000 for this program. In addition, the Chicago Park District will begin building the world's biggest—2,359 cars—and costliest—\$8,300,000—parking garage under Grant Park at the edge of the Loop. The District plans a second underground—with 1,652 car capacity—south of the first one.

(Continued on page 86)

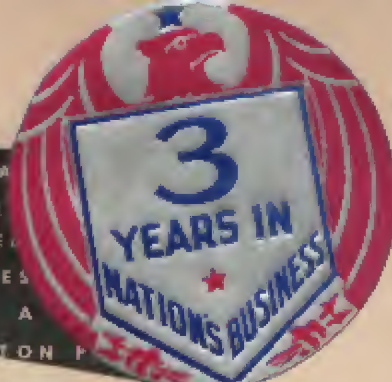



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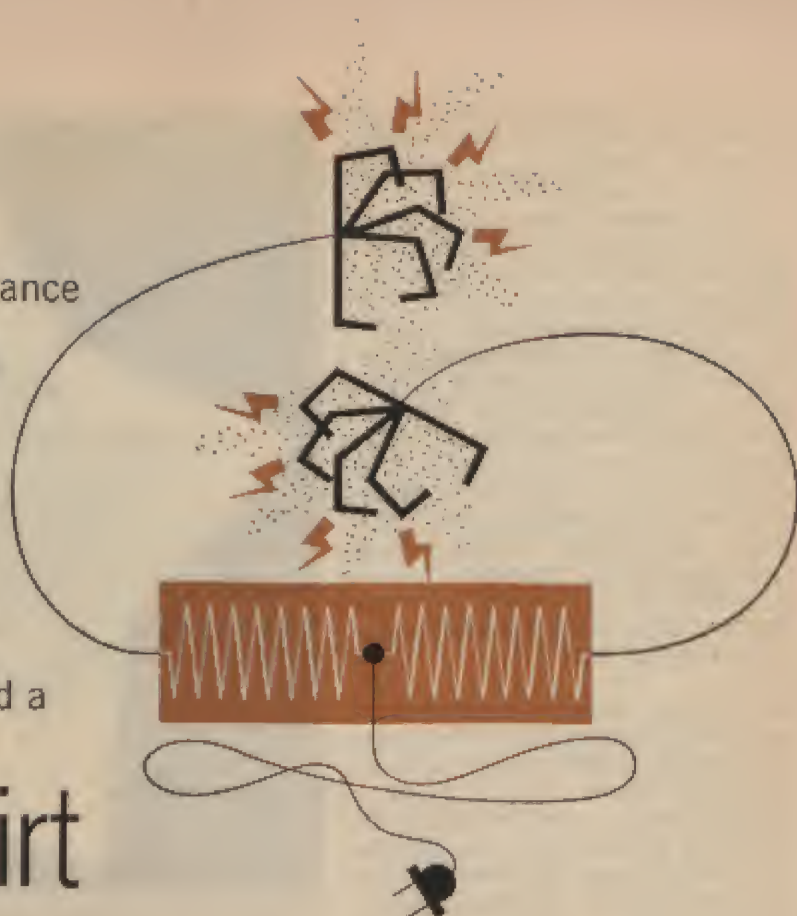
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The increasing importance
of catching smog, grime
and germs from the air
brought about the invention
of a new dust eliminator
which can be called a

Hot seat for dirt



AN ELECTRONIC apparatus known as a "precipitator" that snatches particles of dust, germs, pollen and smoke out of the air is gaining increasing importance as an aid to health and industry. With gasoline fumes from all kinds of traffic, smog and grime settling on many big cities—the apparatus has received surprisingly little attention.

Its usefulness in hospitals, steel mills, assembly halls, department stores, aluminum plants, and other industrial places, as well as in homes, indicates that its manufacture may eventually become as important as that of any air conditioning equipment. During the past year more than \$750,000 was spent on precipitators—or "precipitrons," as Westinghouse calls its units—to equip a new steel plant.

The device assures steelworkers of clean air to breathe, keeps the heavy brown oxide smoke from open hearth furnaces out of the air, and prevents such things as corrosive fumes, grit and gases from damaging electronic equipment.

More dramatic is the story of an earlier, smaller installation of a precipitator in the home of P. Garrett Hayes of Donora, Pa., where in the fall of 1948 a deadly fog took the lives of 22 townsfolk and hospitalized hundreds.

Mr. Hayes, physics teacher at the Donora High School, had spent about \$600 putting in the refrigerator-size equipment that would give him cleaner air. He had done so to avoid moving to Arizona to help his asthma.

When the death-dealing smog spread over the town, getting nationwide attention, Mr. Hayes was the only heart disease or asthma sufferer in the area to escape the fumes.

The apparatus operates on the same principle as rubbing a hard rubber comb or pipestem, to make it pick up bits of paper. The paper is drawn to it by the electrostatic charge that the rubbing produces.

A small powerpack, similar to that used in a radio, supplies the electricity, taking it from the house current. Dust particles jump to the electrically charged plates between which they pass, and stick there until the plates are cleaned.

The first approach to the problem of reducing grime was mechanical filters. They catch the larger particles, possibly as much as a fifth of the total. Now precipitators get up to 90 per cent or more; they catch six or seven times as much dirt as can be stopped by a felt screen.

The bulk of the present precipitator output is for business and industrial use. A department store that used to maintain its own dry cleaning plant to freshen up goods that had been lying on counters now uses precipitators. Their use also has cut cleaning costs, including redecorating, washing walls and fixtures.

The Briggs Manufacturing Company of Detroit uses precipitators to supply men in the paint booths with clean air.

Gaylord Penny of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories in East Pittsburgh, Pa., is generally credited with working out the idea of an electric precipitator and installing an experimental model in his own home in the early 1930's. At the end of two weeks he found that it had picked up more than two quarts of dust from the air inside the house.

Before World War II both Westinghouse and its nearest competitor in the field, the American Air Filter Company of Louisville, Ky., were trying out early commercial models.

Since 1945, production has risen steadily, in spite of shortages and priorities, from less than \$500,000 a year to more than \$6,000,000, the estimated output for 1952. Cost of individual units runs from about \$500, for 1,000 cubic feet per minute in residences, to \$85,000 or more for large 420,000 c.f.m. industrial units.—RISDON TILLERY AND MYRON STEARNS



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ELECTROFORGED
STEEL

(Continued from page 83)

Sensing the future of parking with these public facilities, Chicago have decided plans for a

Mr. Ben pay \$77,000 one of license fee six per cent occupy. Ye garage comp paying no tax rent, will, accorda financial prospectus, charge the same rates I do. The argument for publicly owned parking on the basis of lower parking fees doesn't seem so realistic in practice."

The city of Pontiac, Mich., provides another example of the basic conflict that is slowing progress in solving the parking problem. Proposals by the State Department in 1947 for parking on several sections by private the formation businessmen development of public lots. parking opera ous campaign pointing out the not being used that 40 lots were Pontiac wherea neig er cities had fewer lots.

A SECOND businessman committee was formed, held mass citizen hearings, and prevailed on the city commissioner to hire two Detroit traffic engineers to make a parking survey. The need for 265 more business parking system of making ing operators convey of their equally qualified sultant, claiming chides were fi cent capacity a that there were 1 in peak demand p sultant concluded tha ing parking rates (25 to 30 cents a day on lots, \$14 per month in a heated garage) was reasonable and that the ex- panded co

Private have on enlarge past 400 sp cial is no s tain th must be cial lots w

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doubtedly the tug-of-war will continue, since the commercial operators never will be able to provide free or below-cost parking.

According to the National Parking Association, 98 per cent of all off-street parking space is provided through private capital. This includes lots and parking garages provided by individuals as adjuncts to stores or offices, those provided through cooperative action of groups of merchants and property owners, and the commercial for-profit facilities.

PRIVATELY sponsored parking has shown the most success in communities where the merchants and city officials cooperate to stimulate its growth.

Washington, D. C., through its Motor Vehicle Parking Agency, has outstripped all other cities in growth of parking with most of the credit going to the agency. Private enterprise has come up with a net addition of 20,500 parking spaces downtown in the past seven years—the equivalent of opening a new 330-car garage every six weeks during the entire period. Operating on a budget of only \$20,000 a year which comes from meter revenues, this agency has given personal and direct aid to investors of private capital in parking, often tracking down rumors or "tips" to get to prospective builders before their plans are crystallized.

The purpose of this is to help shape future developments around the primary parking needs of the District of Columbia, and to assist the owner in providing the most efficient and productive parking facility.

For instance, the agency showed one builder how his architect had provided floor space for the proper number of cars but had so placed the supporting columns that cars could not get into and out of the stalls.

The public-private cooperative plan has helped operators like Mr. Arthur Dezendorf to prosper. In addition to the famed Park-O-Mat, the country's only fully automatic parking garage, his firm owns or leases and operates 16 lots and five garages in the District of Columbia, representing an aggregate investment of \$10,000,000. Working closely with the parking agency, he has built up most of these facilities since he got out of the service in World War II. He is typical of the many young businessmen who are making parking a life work.

Success in a parking improvement program may be greatly aided by clearing the air at the out-

MAKERS OF VARI-TYPER PRODUCE NEW OFFICE MACHINE

The new DSJ Composing machine, designed and manufactured by Ralph C. Coxhead Corporation, makers of the world-famous Vari-Typer, has ushered in a new era for producing printer's style composition for use in photo offset, direct litho-plate, mimeograph and xerography.

Thousands of the nation's leading business firms are using the Coxhead Composing machine, and have cut 25% to 75% from the cost of producing books, pamphlets, house organs, direct mail material, promotion pieces, sales reports and forms of every kind used in the modern business world.

The DSJ supplies a wide variety of type faces in many different sizes, and in foreign languages, too, composing type for any method of reproduction. It has the advantage of speed, low cost, and the fact that an office secretary can operate the machine after a brief period of training.

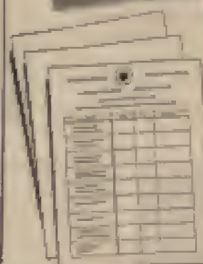
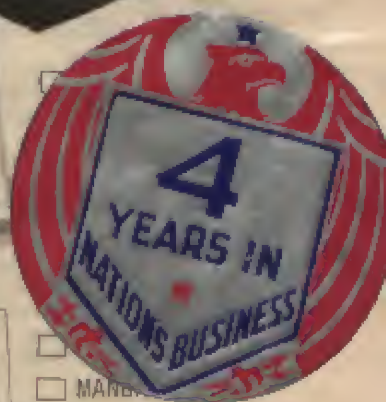
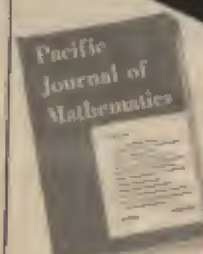
Like the standard Vari-Typer, also made by the Coxhead Company, the new DSJ Composing machine produces clean, crisp type faces that can be used for reproduction in the most meticulous work. "Differential spacing" automatically spaces out the characters to allow for their varying width, like a linotype machine. Also there is automatic justification of the right hand margin so that it is identical in this respect with printer's type.



Not only is the machine used for composing copy for pamphlets and books, like those illustrated above, but it is widely applied for business forms of all kinds. In the case of tabular and ruled forms, the cost is less than fifteen per cent of printer's type setting.

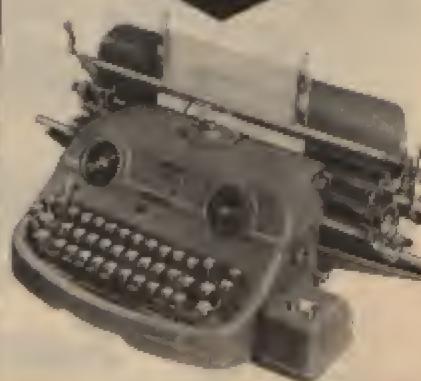
This column of type was composed on the Coxhead DSJ and the heads photo composed on the Headliner.

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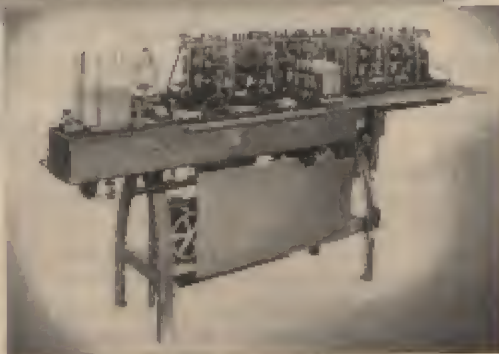


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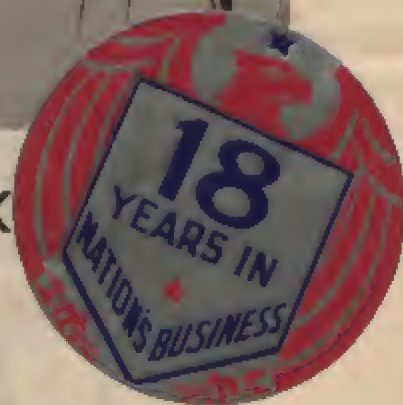
set as to whose responsibility it is.
Where the private lot and garage
industry is afraid to go ahead for
fear of eventual subsidized compe-
tition by municipal facilities, a de-
cision and announcement as to the
city's intentions helps.

Such was the case in Oklahoma
City. Four years ago, Bill Gill, Jr.,
city manager, announced to down-
town retail stores and property
owners that parking congestion
was Oklahoma City's No. 1 traffic
problem and that its solution
through provision of off-street fa-
cilities was their responsibility.
Result—a five-man action commit-
tee was organized by downtown
businessmen. As its first act the
committee established five-cent
shuttle bus service from fringe
parking lots to the retail center.
The city office of traffic control pre-
pared a portfolio showing traffic
and parking data plus good sites
for and cost of providing parking
lots or garages. This was supplé-
mented by a large pictorial display
shown throughout the city, which
pointed out the importance of off-
street parking and showed four
locations where new parking facil-
ities were needed. Then the com-
mittee persuaded the city to em-
ploy a firm of engineers to lay out
the program of future parking
needs. As a result, private enter-
prise, in three years, has provided
2,350 additional car spaces in three
garages and nine lots. The pro-
gram so stirred up the downtown
merchants that a group of them
organized a "Merchants Parking
System," obtained a ten-year lease
on a property and converted it into
a 500-car-capacity public lot.

Those who can recall Alice in
Wonderland may remember the
sequel where she went through the
looking glass and found herself in
a country cut up into blocks like a
chessboard. Although she and her
companion, the Red Queen, ran
until she was exhausted, she found
herself still in the same place. Alice
told the Queen in a surprised voice
that in her country she would have
expected to get somewhere after all
that running.

"A slow sort of country," said
the Queen. "Now here, you see, it
takes all the running you can do
to keep in the same place. If you
want to get somewhere else you
must run at least twice as fast as
that."

Lewis Carroll provided an apt
description of the parking problem
which seems to bear a remarkable
resemblance to the Red Queen's
country. It's beginning to look like
we'll have to run twice as fast to get
out of the parking pickle.



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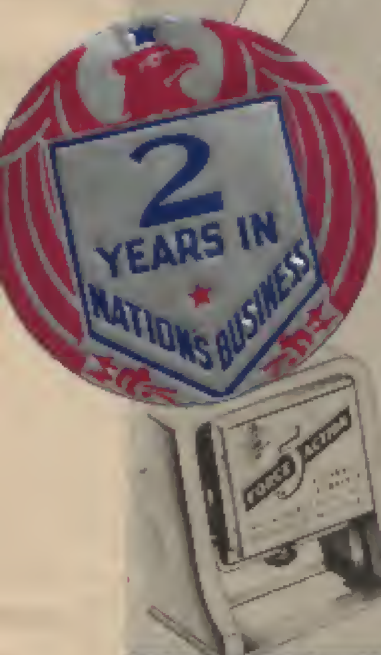
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NATION'S BUSINESS
Washington 6, D. C.

A Short Leave of Absence

(Continued from page 43)

deafened him, frantic crowds crushed him. The station was a daily battle, and when he had finally got a taxi, he felt exhausted.

The elevator was packed. He got off at the twenty-first floor, made his way through more hustling people, to the office of Sloan, Methuen, and Bradley.

Mr. Bradley was a minor member of the firm, subject to all the whims of Sloan, the bossing of Methuen, even though his name also was on the ground glass door. He worked hard at a lot of routine jobs, and got the poorest accounts, the dregs, he always thought. His secretary was a hand-down from Sloan, after Sloan had found a new blonde.

AS he passed Methuen's office, he was called in.

Mr. Methuen peered at him through his thick glasses, and pushed a layout at him.

"I don't feel this will do, Bradley," he said. "I feel cool toward it."

"But I accepted all your suggestions," said Mr. Bradley.

"It didn't quite work out," said Mr. Methuen. "Would you mind trying for a new angle? Something—well—something that will really sell."

He looked at the layout. It was his good originality that they would use. The water couple of days high with Miss Marble. He was sick of soap. The fifth best account they had, and there might be a television program in it.

He had never had to see a commercial.

"You," buzzed after an hour, fixed color in session. He did not want to appeal.

He decided not to go out to lunch and bang through the crowd again. He was in the office when the painter came in to do over the woodwork. The paint-

ers came when the offices were supposed to be unoccupied.

"Go right ahead," Mr. Bradley said, "it won't bother me."

The painter spread a spotted canvas under the windows, brought in his paint cans. He wore white overalls and comfortable shoes, and had a pleasant cheerful face.

He stirred the paint slowly and carefully. Mr. Bradley watched the thick lead rise and the oil begin to blend in. The clean, fresh color was nice to look at. The painter sat on the floor and began painting the baseboard. He hummed to himself as the paint flowed into a fine surface.

Mr. Bradley watched him silently. There was a trick to it. You had to be relaxed. And you covered up old worn-out things with a new, fresh, shining look.

When he reached one end of the baseboard, the painter got up and started out. "I'll be back in a few minutes," he said, "and finish around the windows."

Mr. Bradley went over to the paint cans and peered in. Another stir wouldn't do any harm, he thought, so he took the paddle and stirred. Then he dipped the brush in the paint, wiped it with great care on the lip of the can, and tried it out, just to see how it would feel.

HE began on the lower sill and painted a few strokes. No harm in finishing that edge. He rolled up his sleeves and dipped the brush again and again. At first he got too much paint and little globules rolled down. He corrected this. Then he put on too little paint and faint streaks of the old showed through.

And then Mr. Bradley discovered that he was a natural painter. He could feel in his arm just how to stroke, just when to nip the brush away, just when to dip. He began to whistle.

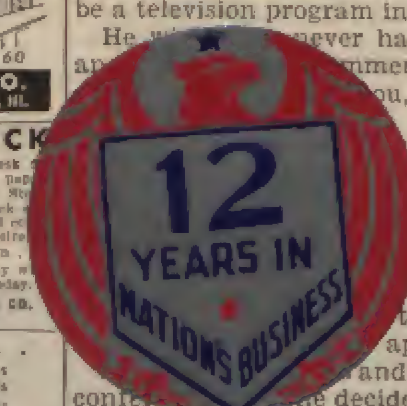
He was in the middle of "Sweet-heart of Sigma Chi" (he was a Phi Delt himself) when Miss Marble came in.

"Why, Mr. Bradley!" she said.

Mr. Bradley looked at her. He had a few spots of paint on his gray suit, and a few on his hands. His hair, because he had been undeniably perspiring at this job, was curled up with dampness.

He grinned sheepishly. "Just trying the paint," he said, "may have an account."

Miss Marble, a good secretary,



said quietly, "Can I get you some spot remover?"

Mr. Bradley's eyes had gone back to the sill—just a few more strokes. "Miss Marble," he said, "close the door behind you as you go out."

He had to stop painting when the painter came back. The painter didn't even look startled.

"It's a good quality paint," he said, taking the brush from Mr. Bradley's reluctant hand. "Goes on good, don't it?"

"Wonderful paint."

Mr. Bradley envied the painter.

"I suppose painting is a pretty good profession," he remarked tentatively.

"Well, it is and it isn't," answered the painter. "You don't get rich, but you don't get poor. You don't have to worry, there's always something needs painting in this world."

HE added, "One thing. You are more or less your own boss."

"I guess that's so," agreed Mr. Bradley. "Is it hard to get a job?"

"Well, it is and it isn't," said the painter. "Now you take my brother-in-law, Lon, up in Connecticut, he's crazy for help. They've gone into the defense plants so fast, and there's a lot of building—he pays good wages. I'd go up myself but the wife won't leave Brooklyn."

"That so?"

Mr. Bradley looked at him. Suddenly the room seemed to tilt, and the pressure in his head exploded; at least it felt that way. "Would you give me his address?" he said. "I might hear of someone."

The card smelled pleasantly of turp and linseed. "My brother-in-law's cousin takes boarders," said the painter. "That's Mrs. Peters."

"Thanks a lot," said Mr. Bradley.

"Well, good-by now," said the painter. "I won't be back until Monday to finish off."

After he had gone, Mr. Bradley sat looking at the card. His head felt light and free-floating. He had felt so peaceful while he was doing the window. So relaxed. Hadn't felt that way in years. In fact, he thought suddenly, he hadn't been happy since he could remember. He was bored—bored to death.

Even Lila. Lila never treated him like a person any more, she just managed him. Sloan and Methuen managed him, too. Suddenly the sickness in him was replaced by a wild excitement.

He pushed his papers into the desk drawer and called Miss Marble.

"Please phone my home," he said, "and tell Mrs. Bradley I am called out of town for a little while."

Give Mr. Sloan a buzz and tell him I've decided to do a little research on a couple of accounts. And then, Miss Marble, take the next two days off and go to Atlantic City."

He clapped his hat on his head at an angle most unbusinesslike; pulled on his coat and walked out, with Miss Marble still speechless.

Mr. Bradley stopped in a bar and had two dry Martinis. Then he went to a good eating place and had a steak. Next he cashed a check, and got a pasteboard suitcase. He added a few items in the station men's store and boarded a train.

He made his way to the buffet car and had two more Martinis and a sandwich.

The next morning he was fortified by a breakfast at the Peters' of country sausage, pancakes and shaved maple sugar, coffee with cream.

Mrs. Peters was a clean and thrifty Yankee. Her husband had been carried off untimely at the age of 65, she said, by a frozen liver. Mr. Bradley said a frozen liver was difficult. She lived with her daughter who taught school, and took in boarders all summer.

It was after breakfast that he met Phoebe. She was on her way to school and walked with him on his way to get the painter's job.

THE trees were misted with green, and the crocus and scilla were up all over. Robins hopped on the greening lawns.

Phoebe was dark and quiet; not pretty, but attractive and she walked with her head up. She wore a gray dress and coat and sensible flat shoes. She was probably ten or 12 years younger than Mr. Bradley.

"How did you happen to come here?" she asked in a soft slow voice.

"It was purely circumstance," he said.

"We don't often have house guests before June," she said. "But this is the loveliest time. With everything beginning."

"It's wonderful," said Mr. Bradley. He sneaked a look at his watch. He would normally be on the commuter's train this minute and here he was walking in sun and pale shadow with a quiet woman.

"Lon's painting up Long Meadow way," said Phoebe. "I hope you get back for supper. It's fried chicken tonight."

She turned in at the school and was engulfed by a shouting horde of boys and girls.

Mr. Bradley went on and hired himself out as a painter.

He was set to painting the lower

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front of a barn, a nice low and flat surface.

There were three other men in the crew, natives, one weathered and old, one middle-aged, and one about to go into the Army. There was a good deal of calling back and forth, a lot of laughing, and a long pause for lunch. They sat on the grass in the sunlight. Mr. Bradley found thick, crusty buns in his paper bag with salami, roasted sweet peppers and cheese in them. Lila would be surprised all right, he thought, polishing up the last crumb and accepting a cigarette from the old man. He put the coffee thermos back with his coat.

The men talked about hunting, farming, about Lon's Redbone hound, about the best place for trout. Mr. Bradley listened. Nobody said the world was a mess, but they did ask him casually if he would like to be an air raid warden or go in for the volunteer fire department.

By mid-afternoon Mr. Bradley was a mass of aches—his shoulders, the back of his neck, the middle of

"You had a hard day," said Phoebe. "It's easy to see this is new to you. I have some unguent, I'll get it for you."

He realized that a woman was not making fun of him for a weakness. The idea made him giddy.

"You'll feel better after supper," she said.

Supper was fried, crusty brown chicken, mellow gravy, fluffy whipped potatoes, dandelion greens cooked with salt pork. And there were hot biscuits and white clover honey. Mrs. Peters offered him a second piece of fried-apple pie laced with rum, and he took it. He had three cups of coffee.

He helped clear the table, then wiped the dishes. When he went up to his room he was dead tired, but so happy he was scared.

There was no dressing up in dinner clothes, no dull conversation, no watching for angles. He pushed off his shoes, eased his aching back onto the bed, and fell asleep.

He was the first one at work in the morning. The yard was full of

tered cabbage sprinkled with dill, a golden custard pie and again three cups of coffee, Mr. Bradley and Phoebe walked to the small movie house. They saw a western with no global significance but a lot of shooting and fine riding. Then they walked back, said good night and Mr. Bradley fell into bed without even thinking of a pill.

He was almost too stiff to move the next morning, but his appetite was still good. He was very fond of fried mush. And the light maple syrup was good on it.

He whistled on his way to work. The sky was blue, but not many people were about.

A little house, he said to himself, which a man could afford, and living expenses cut to a manageable amount, and no fight, fight, fight in the business. What a fine good life!

They began the white picket fence that day and Mr. Bradley moved from picket to picket, working the paint in well around the edges.

By the end of the day, Mr. Bradley began to feel his sunburn. It made him feel a little feverish.

"Guess you haven't been outdoors much," said Lon. "Better put some grease on, you'll be par-bolled."

Mr. Bradley bought a jar of cream at the general store and applied it on the worst places.

"Mercy," said Mrs. Peters, "I ought to have warned you. Sun's stronger in spring than you figure."

Phoebe didn't say anything, but when he insisted on helping clear the table, she gave him a strange cool look. Over the dishpan, she spoke to him.

"How long do you think you can keep this up?"

He dropped a handful of silver, and bent to gather it up.

"Ouch," he murmured. Then, "What do you mean, keep this up?"

Phoebe scrubbed a pan and set it aside. "Don't quibble," she said firmly.

They finished the dishes without a word and then Mr. Bradley said, "Let's go outside a minute."

They sat on the back porch steps and the music of the peepers swept in from a nearby swamp.

Mr. Bradley said, "Sometimes a man needs a little change."

"I know that," she said. "But Mr. Bradley—"

"Call me Ned," said Mr. Bradley.

"Everybody knows you aren't a house painter," she said. "I know this is a small country backwater, but we aren't stupid."

"You mean I'm no good?"

"No, I mean coming here with



"Edward," said Lila, "don't you love me any more at all?"

his back. A large blister was rising on the inside of one thumb.

When the day was over, he could hardly straighten up, but he stumbled along with his mouth tight. He had done a good day's work, he had worked with other men as an equal, his spirits were fine.

He met Phoebe down the street, and they walked home together. Supper lights were on in the old white houses, children bicycled down the street.

robins. The Redbone hound rubbed against him.

He hated to have the day end. But then there was Phoebe walking down the street, asking nothing of anybody, complete in herself.

"Would you care to go to the movie with me?" he ventured timidly.

"That would be lovely," she said.

So after a supper of ham slices glazed with brown sugar, crispy fried potatoes with onions, but-

Lon's brother-in-law's note—and helping with the dishes and acting just like—just like—well, the way you do."

Mr. Bradley uttered a sigh.

"Even your clothes," she said, "you never wore them before. It's not natural to get so lamed up and sunburned after a couple of days of work.

"Were you in trouble—Ned?"

The moon was up and light fell on her face.

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley, "the worst trouble a man can get into, I guess. I was tired of life."

He moved over a little and timidly touched her hand. She clasped her firm fingers over his.

"I never knew a quiet woman before," he said suddenly.

SHE gave his hand a quick squeeze and withdrew hers. "That was a very nice thing to say," she said softly.

"That's another thing," said Mr. Bradley, "nobody ever says anything to anybody any more. Anything real."

"People feel things just the same," said Phoebe. She stood up tall in the moonlight. "We'd better go in, Ned."

Mr. Bradley got ready for bed, and his pajamas scorched his skin. He felt light-headed, and he raised the window high, and propped it up with the window stick.

"I have got to face reality," he said to himself. "I have got to decide what to do." Then he pulled the sheet up, and said, "But I am going to finish that picket fence first."

He walked with Phoebe to the school.

When they parted, she gave him a long deep look and said, "You have plenty of courage, Ned. I want you to know I know that."

He was still puzzling over what she meant as he got out and stirred it. He had painted part of the fence elegant.

About 11 o'clock he took a kerchief around his neck-burned end of the fence, stroking a brush over the picket when the moon hid him.

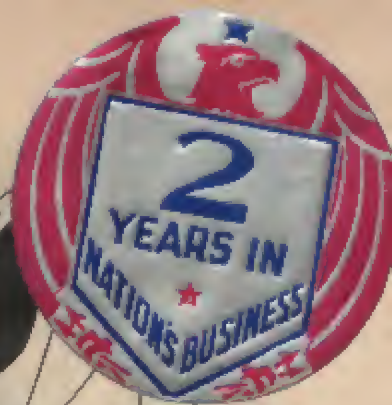
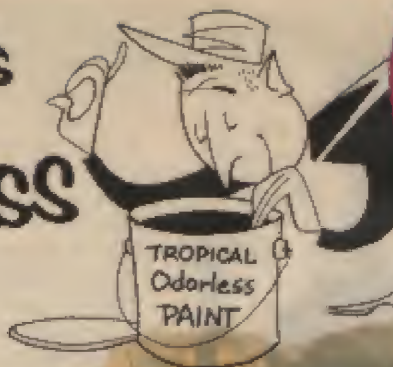
"Edward!" said the moon.

He stood up, in the moonlight, and still holding his brush.

"Why—hello, Lila," he said.

She came swiftly toward him, her face pale. It was a terrible moment. The fall of Troy, the collapse of Rome could never have been as terrible as this moment for Mr. Bradley. The brush dropped

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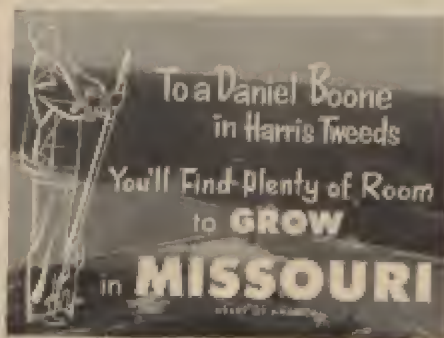
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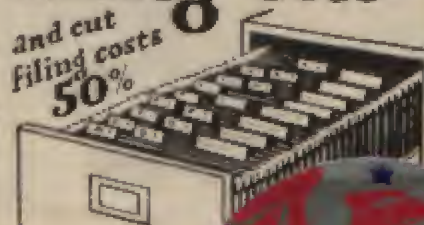
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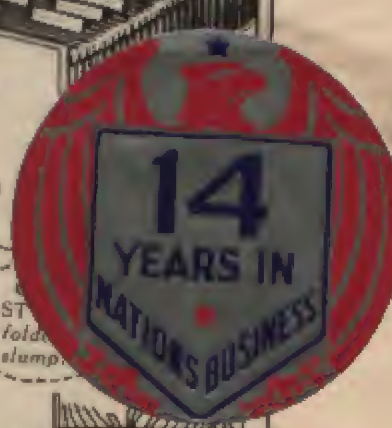
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from his hand and he said again, "Hello, Lila."

Lila said, "I—had to find you. I—well, I had to. But I didn't make any trouble at the office."

"I just talked to Miss Marble and she remembered the painter and I talked to him and—and I had to see you."

She twisted her French gloves as she waited for him to answer.

"Well," said Mr. Bradley, "well, I just—I just—" he tried to pull himself together. "I sent word," he said feebly.

"I knew," said Lila, "I knew anywhere for the right suit for your bag." "Maybe I didn't," said Mr. Bradley.

"Are you," said Lila, "rose in an office?"

"Yes," said Lila, "I look at his salary." "It's about \$100 a month. We can go to the bank and get lots of sandwiches."

"Sandwiches!" wailed Lila.

Mr. Bradley hollered up at Lon. He would go off for the lunch hour, he said.

Then he got in the car and drove to the edge of the village where the meadows and fields fell away in an endless peaceful vista.

"We can sit on the grass," said Mr. Bradley. He spread the automobile robe for Lila, and put out the thermos of coffee and the sandwiches. They were chicken salad sandwiches with ham and tomato with homemade mayonnaise.

"I can make you

worry," he said earnestly. "Will you have ham or chicken?"

"Edward," said Lila, "don't you love me any more at all?"

"Why, Lila," he said, "of course I love you. We're married, aren't we?"

"You ran away," she said.

Mr. Bradley longed for the tongue of an orator.

"Listen, Lila," he said, "all of a sudden I knew I was a middle-aged man going on a treadmill like a squirrel. It just piled up. Now maybe some men would have jumped out the window. Some men would have taken up with a night club girl. But all I did was take a little time off to paint. A time to be myself."

"I guess you can't understand it. I oughtn't to expect you to. But that's the way it is."

Lila's eyes were dark with tears. "I just did my best," she said.

"Always," he said. "It isn't you, Lila, it's the way things kind of get set up. Everybody maybe gets caught. Now it's done with, eat your sandwiches and have some coffee."

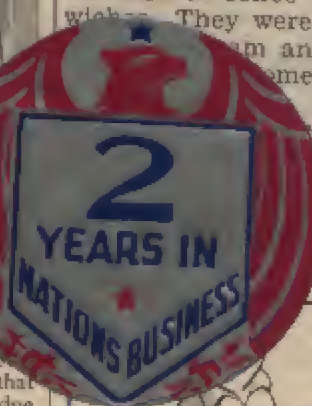
"And then what happens?"

"Well, you can go back to the Peters and wait for me," he said, "I have to finish out the day. Then we'll go home."

They ate the sandwiches and shared the huge wedge of chocolate cake.

He dropped her at the Peters' and went back to work.

With loving care, he painted the rest of the fence. It went very fast, like the end of a dream. In no time at all, he was doing the end post. Then he cleaned and wiped the brushes, covered the paint tight,



"Why can't you be like other husbands who never catch one?"

and told Lon he wouldn't be back.

He stood up as straight as he could and said, "My wife came to get me, and I'll go back."

"Well, any time you need a few days—off—" said Lon, and he might have been winking one pale blue Yankee eye.

It was early enough so he drove to the school and waited for Phoebe. She saw the car and went a little pale. But she came over and got in.

"She came for you," she said. "It is a good thing when a man's wife will care enough to come for him, isn't it?"

Mr. Bradley said, "Yes, I guess it is. Could I ask one thing of you, Phoebe?"

"Yes."

"Would you—think about me once in awhile? I mean just kind of remember the western and the porch and the dishes?"

Her smile was sad and gentle and sweet. "I will, Ned," she promised.

She went ahead of him into the house, and met Lila, then vanished upstairs. Mrs. Peters insisted that they stay for a potluck supper.

They had beef and kidney pie with a crust like a cloud at sunset, tiny asparagus spears, hot light rolls and wild grape jelly and a small dessert of apple pandowdy.

Then they said good-by. Mrs. Peters said come back any time, any time at all, and Lila said they would be back soon.

But Mr. Bradley took a last look at the house, and said good-by forever.

"You know," said Lila, "I am going to fire the cook. Mrs. Peters has given me a lot of recipes, things you like. I'll do the cooking. I realized tonight how tired I am of yogurt and molasses. And wasn't the coffee delicious?"

Mr. Bradley turned the car into a side street.

"Where are you going?" asked Lila. "You don't turn here."

"Just going around a few blocks," said Mr. Bradley.

There it was, with the moon plain on it, the picket fence. It was the color of fresh snowflakes, every picket pointing to the clear deep sky. It was beautiful.

"I painted part of the barn, too," said Mr. Bradley.

He rested his hands on the steering wheel and looked a last long look.

"You'd be surprised how hard it is to get around the cross bars in a picket fence," he said, "without dripping."

Then he pushed the accelerator and the road back lay open and white before him.

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notebook

Business ownership

APPROXIMATELY 6,500,000 persons own stock in American corporations, according to Brookings Institution which has just completed a study, undertaken to answer the old question "Who owns American business?"

With the cooperation of some 20 securities exchanges and 3,000 corporations, the research organization has obtained the first complete picture of stock ownership. Among the facts uncovered were these:

Every tenth family has one or more stockholders.

One out of every 16 adults owns stock.

Nearly 30 per cent of stockholders did not complete high school.

More than 200,000 families with incomes of less than \$2,000 own stock.

Biggest single group of stockholders—nearly 33 per cent—are housewives.

Rank-and-file employees make up the next biggest group, 22.5 per cent; top executives and operating supervisors are well down the list, only 14 per cent.

Glass landmark

AFTER three years of research on both sides of the Atlantic, the birthplace of American industry has been authoritatively established.

The first industry was a glass factory on Glass House Point near Jamestown, Va. It was abandoned some 350 years ago.

Now, through the joint efforts of the Glass Crafts of America and the National Park Service the old plant will be recreated. Already excavations have uncovered glass drippings, boulders and masonry ruins of the old furnace. Researchers have found its method of operation and uncovered historical records both here and in England. Plans call for construction of a shelter similar to the one that existed in 1608—a museum to display relics taken from the site, and a

duplicate of the old furnaces and workshop where skilled craftsmen will make glass as it was made in the original factory.

The Colonial Parkway from Williamsburg will be extended so that the spot can be developed as a landmark which will assume a prominent place among national centers of historic, cultural and industrial interest.

Handling the project for the glassmakers is a committee headed by Chairman Carl W. Gustkey, president, Imperial Glass Corporation, Bellaire, Ohio; W. F. Dalzell, president, Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va.; and T. Clarence Heisey, president, A. H. Heisey & Company, Newark, Ohio. J. C. Harrington, archaeologist, has headed the National Park Service explorations.

Eight rules for the boss

ALTHOUGH tradition insists that "no man is a hero to his valet," science has just come up with the heartening news that most American businessmen—although not necessarily heroes—are at least acceptable to their secretaries.

Otto von Mering, Jr., of Harvard and Stephen Kegeles of Boston University polled 1,000 secretaries in 39 states with "most heartening" results.

Their survey shows that some 63 per cent of the girls were perfectly—or well—adjusted to their bosses; 25.5 per cent were average; five per cent below average and 1.5 per cent inadequately adjusted. Another five per cent were "doubtful."

Where adjustment was less than adequate, the scientists found the fault to lie with the bosses as often as with the secretaries, a condition which they say could be remedied if bosses would observe eight simple rules:

- 1, Treat your secretary as a person, not as an automaton; 2, Recognize a job well done and praise her when others are around; 3, Give greater consideration to ideas she presents; 4, Make her feel that you would rather have her working for

you than anyone else; 5, Don't work your secretary at breakneck speed to make up for lost time and try not to keep her after normal working hours except in emergencies; 6, If new office methods are instituted, explain them to her fully; 7, Regard her as capable of assuming responsibilities; 8, If you notice a mistake, try to straighten things out in private.

Chinchillas go to market

AN ESTIMATED \$350,000 worth of chinchillas will be on public exhibition at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington at the end of this month. The Eastern Regional Show, scheduled for Feb. 27, 28 and March 1, will attract 500 of these curious little animals from all over the country.

The first shipment of animals to be transported successfully from their native habitat high in the Andes of South America included 13 chinchillas. From this small group, arriving in 1923, the animal population has risen to 300,000.

In the intervening period, few pelts have been placed on the market. Breeding stock was too valuable. But now the breeders are preparing to enter the fur markets. Some time this spring, 10,000 pelts should be put up for auction.

Better business letters

ALONG with modernizing their plants, American businessmen are also modernizing their English, according to Prof. G. H. Parker, University of Tennessee business administration specialist.

He bases his view on a 12-year study of business letters which shows that today's businessman not only writes better letters than his grandfather wrote but better letters than he himself wrote five years ago.

In the latest study graduate student Ruth Banner found letters of 80 business organizations closer to perfection than any studied in the past.

Whereas business letters used to be black and white, Miss Banner found six of the 80 firms using colored paper and a number using color in their letterheads. Almost entirely missing were formerly common expressions, "We beg to remain . . .", "in reply to your favor of the 10th Inst . . ." and others.

Letter writers made no grammatical errors, came straight to the point, and streamlined both appearance and content by cutting down on punctuation, Professor Parker observed.



Pete Progress and the kid with the yellow goatee

"What I need," said the unhappy goat, "is a pint of paint remover."

"No trouble there," answered Pete Progress, "step across the street to Dunkle's hardware store."

"I suppose you're wondering what happened to me," said the goat.

"Not really," said Pete with a grin. "I imagine kids will be kids."

"That's rich," said the goat, "but your kind of kids, not mine."

"How come?" asked Pete.

"Well, I guess it's because they haven't any playgrounds or swimming pools," said the goat ruefully. "So they think it's fun to paint a goat."

"You'll be happy to know," said Pete, "that your troubles are over."

"You're kidding," said the goat, unbelievingly.

"Nope," answered Pete, "comes Saturday and we dedicate the new recreation park at Underhill Pond. Swimming, boating, tennis, baseball—everything to give the kids a good time, and, incidentally, keep them out of mischief."

"Say," said the goat, "that must have taken a lot of doing."

"Not too much," said Pete. "Not when you consider the Chamber of Commerce got behind the project. When a lot of people join up and get to giving instead of taking, you'd be surprised how fast things get done to make the community a better place to live in."

"Much as I'd like to," said the goat, "I'm sure I couldn't join up."

"Why not?" said Pete.

"I'm positive a great outfit like the Chamber would never get anyone's goat," said he, trotting off to Dunkle's.

Your chamber of commerce is working for you. Why don't you help them?





TURNING POINT IN POWER POLITICS

WISE observers have long warned of a paradox: The atom bomb threatens to cripple the freedoms that it guards.

The difficulty is not easily solved. Developing and perfecting the use of the atom as a weapon demands secrecy and vast expenditures for plants and research. Presumably only Government can enforce the secrecy and assemble the terrific sums needed for this work.

But the atom also has peacetime applications, notably in the fields of power and healing. No one knows the possible limits of these applications, what directions they may ultimately take or when research for peacetime uses may develop information with vital bearing on national defense. In these peaceable applications the atom holds its greatest promise for human benefits. In fulfilling this promise, the atom can reasonably be the basis for great new industries, businesses and professions.

And it is at this point that the atom becomes a threat to free enterprise.

John L. Collyer, president of the B. F. Goodrich Company, has explained the threat this way:

"Nationalization of our power industry and other closely allied industries is inevitable if the American people do not insist that nonmilitary developments in the field of atomic energy be privately operated and privately financed."

As an example of what may happen in the field of atomic energy, Mr. Collyer points to the Government's wartime program of research into synthetic rubber:

"Seven years after the end of the war, our Government still owns the principal rubber-producing facilities in this country and is selling rubber in competition with private producers in the United States and other parts of the world. If this is not Socialism, surely it is something perilously close to Socialism."

Few persons object when the Government builds and owns a new plant to expand the program of atomic defense. But whether the Government must also own all the auxiliary facilities needed for operation of that plant is a proper question.

Viewed against this background, a recent event in the Ohio Valley takes on an added significance. There 15 private utility firms are building two steam-electric generating plants that will supply the largest block of power ever delivered to one spot—1,800,000 kilowatts for a new uranium separation plant.

In building it they are proving that at least one argument for complete government operation in the atomic field—"the cost is too great for private enterprise"—is without foundation.

It is a dramatic story.

It began when the Atomic Energy Commission called a small group of electric power executives into conference in Washington. The Commission explained the need for power in the new uranium plant, the fact that the power installation must be operating in four years—and that the electricity produced must be cheap.

If private industry could not handle the job, the Government would.

The utility men accepted the challenge. In less than eight months they organized 15 companies into the Ohio Valley Electric Corporation; they went to banks and insurance companies for \$400,000,000 in private financing; they signed up five coal companies to supply fuel for the generators.

Since the uranium plant will be completed in two years, they arranged to power it from present plants until the new installation is complete.

In the view of many people, the steam shovels which recently trundled onto the power site were doing more than breaking ground for a new plant. They were burying the old argument that if a thing is big, Government must do it; they were marking a turning point in the long drift toward federal power—and they were demonstrating that the whole field of atomic energy does not have to be government monopoly.

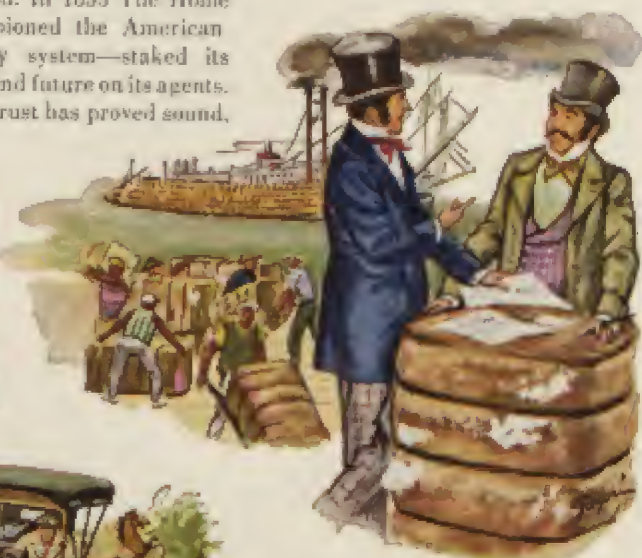
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The automobile created a need for a kind of financial protection that had never been needed before. Just as it helped build homes and industries, insurance also helped put America on wheels.



The challenge of the West was faced by insurance agents, too. On the rivers, in farm country, in the mushrooming cities, it was the protective shield of insurance that made sound growth and progress possible.



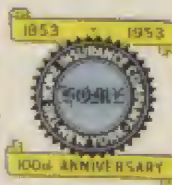
Today, there are more than 40,000 representatives of The Home serving every city, town and hamlet in the nation. You'll find your agent friendly, informed and really concerned with your welfare and your interests.

YOUR agent or broker may be able to give you better insurance protection, more for your insurance dollars—if only *you* will let him. Won't cost you a thing to talk to him and you'll have the assurance of knowing that your insurance requirements are getting full, professional attention. Call on him soon.

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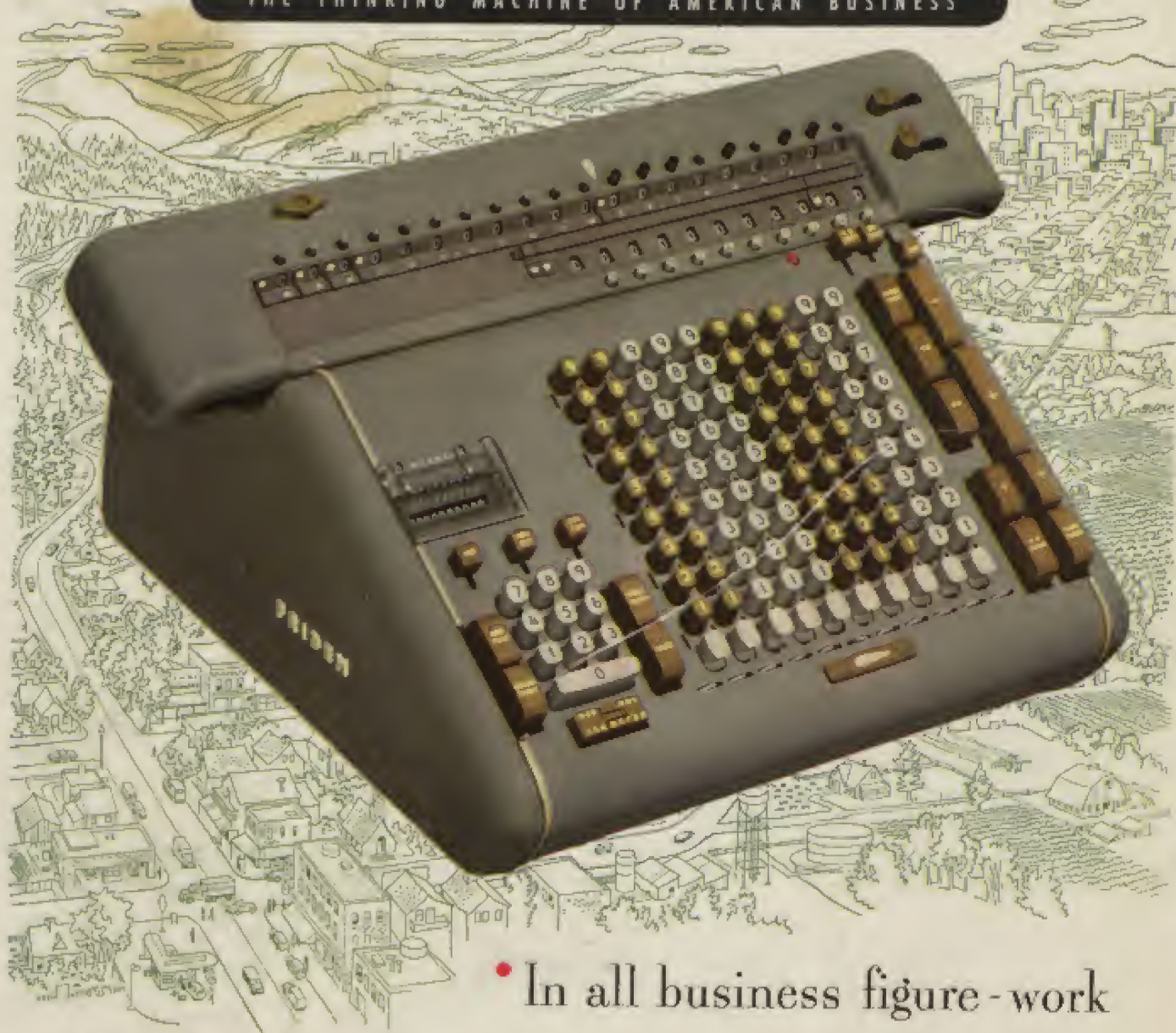
The Home Indemnity Company, an affiliate, writes Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds



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The Home, through its agents and brokers, is America's leading insurance protector of American homes and the homes of American industry.

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FRIDEN "DECISION-MAKING" FEATURES YOU SHOULD SEE!
Time-saving abilities of the Friden fully-automatic Calculator include (1) automatic accumulation of individual extensions and . . . (2) automatic selective half-cent adjustment. Need for operator decisions is also eliminated on many other figure-work steps!